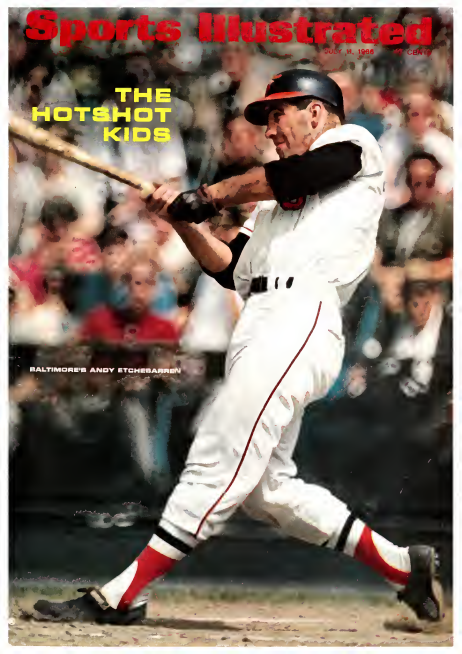


Sports Illustrated



JULY 11, 1988

40 CENTS

THE HOTSHOT KIDS

BALTIMORE'S ANDY ETCHESBARREN

We have pension specialists
in every major market
in America.



They are ready to answer any questions, solve any problems
and put into operation an insured CG Pension Plan tailored to your specific needs,
regardless of the size of your company or the number of employees.

A CG pension specialist is there when you need him. Perhaps that's why we're
one of the biggest and fastest growing companies in the pension business.

Connecticut General Life Insurance Company/Hartford
Group Insurance/Pension Plans/Health/Accident/Life

At Connecticut General
we do things
a little differently.



Now with Bancardchek®... you'll never be caught short again!

It's just like adding \$500 to your personal checking account . . .
without depositing a cent!

With Bancardchek, the brand-new Traveler's Check you don't pay
for in advance, you can always have an extra \$500 of guaranteed funds!
Keep them home for money emergencies . . . use them for shopping
for travel — any time you need money, or wherever you're not
known. You don't pay a cent until you spend them —
except for a modest service charge!

Here's how it works . . . your bank issues you \$500 or more in these
new Traveler's Checks, each worth up to \$25, \$50, or \$100 — just write
out one or more when you want to buy something. Later, your bank
will deduct the amount you spent from your checking account or will
automatically loan you the money, because Bancardcheks are
bounce-proof — they cannot be returned for lack of funds.

And you can use Bancardcheks like a credit card — in stores, restaurants,
motels — they're acceptable everywhere! You simply fill in the amount on
the face of the check as you do with your regular check and endorse the reverse
side only. You get the cancelled checks back with your bank statement each
month so you have better records for tax purposes. Now everyone can afford to
keep Bancardcheks at home for any money emergency. And everyone can carry
them, because you don't have to draw funds out of your bank in advance
to buy Traveler's Checks anymore.

Bancardcheks are safer than cash. Ask your bank about adding this new
feature to your checking account, and never be caught short again!

It puts
an extra
\$500
in your
pocket!

Bancardcheks are guaranteed and available at leading banks throughout America

Bancardchek — Division of First/Group
481 Harvard Street
Brookline, Mass. 02146

I want to get complete information on Bancardchek

Name

Street

City State Zip Code

Bancardchek
TRAVELER'S CHECK

You're treated like Royalty . . . at home as well as away

Yes.



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 40 & 50% ALC. IMPORTED BY ROBERTSON & ROBBINS INC., NEW YORK & N.Y. ©1984 J&R

Contents

JULY 11, 1966 Volume 25, No. 2

Cover photograph by Tony Frodo

22 The Perils of Paralysis

The dividing of golfers, both pro and amateur, is changing the nature of the game and actually endangering the sport

26 Here Come the Young Turks

An impressive group of youthful players has revitalized the moribund American League

32 Salty Sailor of Park Avenue

Industrial Designer William Susk is a refreshing storm in the midst of New York's impersonal bowerland

40 America's Gritty Guinea Pig

To prepare for the Olympics, Marathoner Buddy Edeken is already torturing himself in high altitudes in Colorado

44 Wind Shirts: From Ski to Surf

A garment invented for use in the mountains has migrated down to the beaches and made a new hit

50 Manolo Is King, and a King Is Queen

Spain's Manuel Santana and California's Billie Jean King won Wimbledon singles titles for the first time

60 Bubes in the Woods

Barbara La Fontaine joins some city-bred teen-agers for a two-week assault on the wilderness. First of two parts

The departments

13 Scorecard

48 People

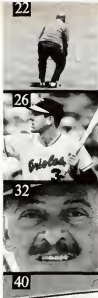
50 Tennis

56 Fishing

79 Baseball's Week

80 For the Record

81 19th Hole



ALAMOSA
CITY LIMIT
ELEV 7540 FT



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly, except one issue a year and, by Time Inc., 240 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611, principal office. Registered Office, New York, N.Y. 10010. James A. Leno, President; D. W. Bouchard, Treasurer; Bernard Baran, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash, U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$7.50 a year. Military personnel anywhere in the world \$6 a year, all other \$10 a year.

Credits on page 80

Next week

THE SURFING BOOM along the Atlantic coast draws Phil Edwards, the sport's top stylist, to Virginia Beach, where he discusses, and demonstrates in photographs, his unique skills.

IN PRO FOOTBALL it's the agony of summer training first, the ecstasy of fan worship later. Bill Charvat points Sunday's grid heroes as they sweat against the hot blocking sleds.

A MUDDY DAY in East Berlin put a damper on the regime's Olympischer Tag but, as Jack Olson reports from the scene, a race was run and the result was odd in Berlin.



Suddenly

Lake Shore Drive
becomes the
Mulsanne Straight
at Le Mans

You're on your way to see a customer . . . and suddenly you're riding hard on the accelerator trying to stop up your lap time on the Le Mans Circuit. Your pit crew signals to pick it up. The roar and the excitement close in on you. Brake lights ahead. And now you're back on the Drive . . . grinning sheepishly. Not your fault. Must be that Castrol, the motor oil that gets to moving parts fast when the engine is cold . . . retains its body when the engine is hot . . . and needs changing less often. The mechanic said all the race drivers use it. Hmmm. Wonder what they put in those cans.



There's a
little bit of
racing in every
Castrol can

Castrol, the Masterpiece in Oils.
Castrol Oils, Incorporated—Newark, Kansas City and San Francisco.
Also in Canada and throughout the world.

BOOKTALK

A dog not only is man's best friend,
it also is his best communicator

If mankind picked pets and animal allies on a strictly utilitarian basis, dogs would not have a chance. Other animals perform services far better. "A bear would make a better guard," says Bill Gilbert in *How Animals Communicate* (Pantheon, \$3.95). "A crow a better sentinel." And apes, monkeys, elephants, whales and raccoons are accounted more intelligent than dogs.

But dogs have one major advantage; they can communicate with men better than any other animal. We tend to think of them as inherently docile, yet "dogs are hot-tempered hunting animals, among the largest and best equipped of the predators . . . quite capable of killing." In Gilbert's view of the human and animal world, men and dogs are friends and working partners solely "because for centuries we have been able to carry on a long, meaningful, useful conversation." This conversation without words is often one-sided, misunderstood, confused and compounded of growls, barks, tail-wagging, commands to sit and other matters, but it nevertheless serves.

Readers who know Gilbert's brilliant and highly individualized nature essays, such as his story on the fish crow, *The Bird, the Fox and the Child* (SI, Aug. 30, 1965), are likely to be surprised by his first book. *How Animals Communicate* is a factual, lucid report on recent scientific discoveries in this realm of animal behavior. It includes Karel von Frisch's epochal 1943 discovery of the language of bees—the dances by which bees communicated the distance from the hive of food—and John Lilly's experiments that began in 1955, designed to establish vocal communications with dolphins "or to prove such communication impossible." In a few passages Gilbert draws on his own extensive experience, which includes trying to train a cheetah, studying hawks and chickadees and raising a rescued fox cub with a Master of German shepherds, but for the most part he keeps himself out of the record. Sometimes you can almost hear the author grating his teeth in his determination to be scientific and detached, and to avoid charges of exaggeration or sentimentality.

The result is a first-rate introductory volume, lightened with a few casual and personal comments (it would be a more popular work if it included more of the latter). Gilbert differs from most authorities on animal communication in one important particular. He is not greatly impressed by man's communication. In fact, *How Animals Communicate* makes you realize how much human communication relies on intonations, looks, gestures, outcries, postures or notes of music and is not dependent on words at all.

—ROBERT CANTWELL

Please send me
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
at your special rate for new subscribers
...and bill me later

27
weeks for
\$2.87



my name

address

city

state

zip code

* signed

S 4086

This rate is good only in U.S. and Canada; and includes all postage and handling costs.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE U.S.

postage will be paid by

Sports Illustrated

540 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611





If Rose's is made for gimlets,
what's it doing in a Margarita?

You'll never know until you try one.
"Ole!"

Without Rose's lime juice, the
tequila is nothing.

The Triple Sec is nothing.

The salt is nothing.

Rose's brings them all together
with a tropical flourish. Try one.

The Rose's Margarita: 1½ jiggers

tequila, ½ jigger Triple Sec, ½ jigger
Rose's. Shake well with cracked ice
and pour into a cocktail glass whose
rim has been spun in salt.

You prefer a gimlet? Be our guest.
The Rose's gimlet: One part Rose's
to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka. Serve in
a cocktail glass or on the rocks.
(Would you try the Margarita if we
called it "The Thelma"?)

The 7-minute interview:



We invented it for people
who have other things
to do besides talk to
life insurance agents.

You're busy. We're busy.

So, getting right to the point makes sense
for both of us. That's why a Mutual Benefit
agent offers a 7-minute interview.

In seven minutes, he's not about to solve
your problems, though he may very well
spark a couple of ideas that will save
you money.

The important thing is that you will have
a chance to see that he knows his stuff
and to size him up. To determine if he's a
person you would find it easy to talk to.

If you're interested in further discussion,
invite him to stay. Otherwise, he'll be on his
way at the end of seven minutes. Or, if
you're too busy to see anyone right now,
write for our free booklet, "What you can
expect a Mutual Benefit agent to do for you."

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE



Do you earn too much to afford one?

For many people the Volkswagen would be an ideal car. Except for one thing.

It doesn't cost enough.

They're afraid nobody will know they have any money, if it doesn't show in their car. In other words, they buy their car for other people. Not themselves.

Then there are those who earn enough

to buy a much better car than the VW. But they don't. Because they can't find one.

For them the best car is one that simply gets them there. Comfortably and economically. One they don't have to worry about. That doesn't make many stops for gas. And rarely needs repairs.

A car where rare repairs don't cost much.

A car where the car doesn't cost much.

They feel they can afford to save money with a Volkswagen.

Now next time you see somebody driving a VW don't feel sorry for him.

Who knows? Someday the bank might be using his money to give you a new car loan.



Suddenly, Miami is only 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches away



Jet there on **DELTA**

and charge your tickets on your American Express Card
—take a year to pay if you like.

This little card has put Miami and 53 other Delta cities within easy reach.

Gone is the inconvenience of plunking down a bundle of cash every time you want to fly. Gone is the red tape of credit checks.

With the American Express Card, you can charge tickets in seconds on Delta and 86 other airlines flying

almost everywhere in the world.

Just show your card, choose the way you want to pay and sign your name.

Pay for your tickets on your next American Express bill with no service charge.

Or take up to a year to pay. The service charge is low. Most other plans are at least 50 percent more expensive. See box.

12-MONTH CHARGE PER \$100 OF TICKETS

American Express plan	\$6.00 (Averages 50¢ a month)
Another major credit card plan	More than \$9.50

AMERICAN EXPRESS

The Company For People Who Travel

"My mistake, waiter.
I should have said
Johnnie Walker
Red."



Johnnie Walker Red, so smooth it's the world's largest-selling Scotch.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY. 40 & 50 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.



Solid funpower! New V-6 in 4-wheel drive 'Jeep' Universal.

Nobody makes 'em like this one. It's solid all the way—solid build, solid looks, solid fun! Fly down the highway with the hot new 160 hp. V-6 engine—or choose the world-famous 4-cylinder 'Hurricane.' Head for the beach, the woods—go camping, fishing, skiing—there's hardly any place you can't go! And when the fun's

over, it works as hard as it plays. There's almost no end to its usefulness. Familiar "little guy" or jaunty 'Jeep' Tuxedo Park Mark IV. Options galore: 81" or 101" wheelbases; variety of tops, colors, trim; even bucket seats; plus equipment for pushing, pulling, towing, snow plowing, winching, etc.



KAISER JEEP CORPORATION

1984 Jeep is a registered trademark of Chrysler Corporation.

You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer. Check the Yellow Pages.

SCORECARD

VELVET MONKEY WRENCH

There were numerous hints last week that once again golf's touring professionals have come to their parent body, the PGA, with plans for changes that would materially affect the operation of the pro tour. There has long been unrest among the pros over the present setup (SI, Aug. 9, 1965) and uneasiness among PGA officials over this unrest. The points in the present negotiations are said to have been painstakingly thought out and are being discussed in the most gentlemanly fashion—the "would you please consider" school of bargaining.

Exactly what is going on? All parties concerned have agreed not to breathe a word of it.

"We are always trying to improve tournament player relations with the PGA," is as far as the chairman of the Players Tournament Committee, Touring Pro Tommy Jacobs, will go.

"I've heard nothing more than the rumors you've heard," says PGA President Max Elgin, the teaching pro at the Burning Tree Club outside Washington.

"No demands by the players have come into my office," asserts the PGA's executive director, Robert Cressy. "I talked to Jacobs and he assures me that nothing special of that sort is even in the works."

Maybe not. But *something* is in the works.

THE HYPOTHESIS LEAGUE

In case you were wondering what ever happened to Frank Leahy, he turned up last week as chairman of the board of a group of incorporators who call themselves the United States Football League, which is their right. Moreover, the USFL says it will consist of 12 viable teams and will compete with the NFL and AFL next year, which is known as rodeocostume.

The USFL claims it will start signing college players early in November, two months before the NFL and the AFL, and that it is prepared to spend \$500,000

to get a player it wants. The USFL did not indicate when it would start renting stadiums where its half-a-million-dollar babies will show their stuff before vast, paying and suppositious throngs.

The USFL is not going to repeat the mistakes of its predecessors. Take exhibition games. The USFL is going to play them in Europe, South America and the Orient, where it may make enough to pay the fare back to the States. But the most fascinating aspect of the league is its quasi-socialistic ring. Players and coaches will have the right to buy stock in the teams they represent. Perhaps the idea is that in time the players will own the teams, and the franchise holders can then get out with a few bucks.

Clint Marchison Jr., owner of the Dallas Cowboys of the NFL, isn't so sanguine: "It's an excellent way to lose one or two million a year and lose it forever," he said the other day. "Of course, I'm only speaking from personal experience."

If we ever hear from the USFL again, you'll hear from us.

A VIEW FROM THE BOTTOM

While the average American might think twice about leaving his empties strewn all over the countryside, he rarely thinks once about dropping them overboard, to Andreas Rechnitzer's dismay. Rechnitzer, chief scientist of North American Aviation's Deep Submergence Systems Division, has made many deep descents, including a dive of more than 18,000 feet in the Marianas Trench, and he is not wholly convinced that, as a rubbish dump, the ocean is so big it can never be filled.

Rechnitzer reports that at a depth of 7,000 feet off the Marianas he came upon an unexploded five-inch artillery projectile. "It had to be American," he says, "because leaning against it, clear as a bell, was one beer can."

On another occasion, Rechnitzer believed he had discovered a hitherto unknown species of sea life. "It was a

helix," he recalls, "that is, a spiral, evidently able to resist great pressure. In a state of seething excitement we worked closer and closer, trying to get a better look. Finally we turned our lights full on a splendid specimen of bed spring."

A COUPLE OF LIVE ONES

Cassius Clay may not be first in the hearts of his countrymen, but he's first in the ratings. With the possible exception of the Rose Bowl, no TV sport show this year commanded a greater audience than the Clay-Henry Cooper fight. Figuring you can't have too much of a good thing, ABC is now shelling out around \$200,000 to put on—live!—the Clay-Brian London fight from London on Aug. 6, which may be in color yet, and, providing he gets by London—you should have such troubles—the Clay-Karl Mildenberger fight—live!—from Frankfurt on Sept. 10.

BACK TO THE OLD DRAWING BOARD

In Santa Fe, N. Mex., which describes itself as "The City Different" on some occasions and as "The City Difficult" on others, three state agencies have combined forces to build an elegant new bird feeder on the capitol grounds.

A project of the State Game and Fish Department, it was built with peniten-



tary labor and installed under the authority of the New Mexico Secretary of State, who handles such official items as the state's official flower (yucca), official mammal (black bear) and official fish (cutthroat trout).

However, the official state bird feeder is 10 feet high, or out of reach of the official state bird—the roadrunner.

enclined



Daytona, Sebring and now Le Mans.

**Goodyear tires sweep
the three longest endurance
races in the world.**

First came the Daytona Continental—the only round-the-clock race in the United States. Then, victory at Sebring's 12 Hours of Endurance. And now, one, two, three at Le Mans—the original 24-hours of tire torture. All three races won on Goodyear Blue Streak Racing Tires.

Although it was the second year in a row that Goodyear took the first-place honors at Le Mans, it was a race that still made history.

First win for an American car. A new



Blue Streak—TM, The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

lap record of 143.5 miles an hour. The longest distance ever run—3,020 miles worth of acceleration, braking, twists and turns—at a record average speed of 125.5 miles an hour. And although first position was a see-saw battle throughout the entire 24 hours, a car on Goodyear tires was always in the lead.

The tire that ran away with Le Mans is called a Goodyear Blue Streak Sports Car Special.

Special, because it's designed to meet

the rugged demands of the track it runs on. Made for maximum getaway in the straights. Extra side bite in the curves.

You'll never need the kind of speed that Goodyear gets out of a racing tire.

But it's nice to know that the Goodyear tires you put on your own car are designed by the same company—with the same kind of built-in quality and safety for the job they have to do.

GOODYEAR
Winners Go Goodyear



Enjoy A&C, the cigar that's going places

Sales of A&C are soaring. By the millions! Because so many men who are going places today are taking A&C cigars with them. The reason? Flavor. Tastes so good, men say an A&C never lasts long enough. The inside story: A&C's unique blend of fine imported leaf plus choice domestic tobaccos. Light up an A&C Grenadier, Panetela, Tony or one of A&C's nine other shapes and sizes. Then—buy a box or pack. You won't want to go anywhere without A&C's again.

Antonio y Cleopatra

Tastes so good it never lasts long enough.



Product of The American Tobacco Company

SCORECARD

The pansano, as he is affectionately known, is a kind of ground chicken. He can fly a little—say over a black bear or up a yucca—but he'd much rather stay on the trail.

A Santa Fe newsman and bird lover, Charles Cullin, suggests that the state could create a great tourist attraction by installing elevators on the feeder for the convenience of any roadrunners that might chance by.

Our suggestion would be a spiral ramp, like the one at New York's Guggenheim Museum. With this, a hungry pansano could run all the way.

COME BACK, CUS!

It is now seven years since Cus D'Amato has been inside a New York boxing ring. No sport can afford the long exile of such a great nut and/or genius, boxing least of all. Cus's record is noteworthy: none of his fighters have ever been hurt or neglected (if anything, they have been overprotected), and they have always been well-conditioned. Too, they have made good money—if they stayed with Cus. In fact, Floyd Patterson has earned more than any other fighter.

Despite this record, Cus is unlicensed in New York. He may counsel a José Torres, the light heavyweight champ, or a Buster Mathis, the heavyweight hopeful, but once a fight contract is signed Cus has to make himself scarce and, of course, stay out of the corner.

Cus's license was revoked by the New York commission following the first Patterson-Ingemar Johansson fight. Bill Rosenzohn, the promoter, confessed he had brought a racket guy into the promotion, and the implication was that Cus was either aware of this or had been a party to it. There was never any evidence to support either inference, and last year Rosenzohn finally stated that Cus was wholly innocent. Another charge against Cus was that he tried to foist an American manager on Johansson as a condition of his being accepted as a Patterson opponent. Cus felt that if Ingemar won, the IBC might again get its tentacles on the title, and Floyd would be out in the cold. Cus was wrong here. He went too far in looking after the interests of his fighter (more managers should be guilty of this). But Cus's service to the game for outweights this ill-conceived and futile machination.

Cus could have reapplied for a license years ago because a court of law reversed

Continued

Coke in a basket?
Why not? In a glass, a bottle,
or a cup for that matter.
Coca-Cola has the taste you
never get tired of. That's
why things go better with
Coke after Coke after Coke.





**The little squiggle on
our Gulf map would have
helped him avoid this.**

A pity. If he'd mailed us a card before the trip, we'd have sent road maps with his best route clearly marked in orange ink. (And that ink line would have gotten him around this sort of thing.)

You can get this service by asking your Gulf dealer for a Tourgide request card. Just fill in your destination, your choice of the quickest or most scenic route, and mail it. Along with the maps, you'll receive motel and sightseeing information.

So before you pick up and go, pick up a Tourgide request card wherever you see the Sign of the Gulf Orange Disc.

(squiggle)



GULF OIL CORPORATION

the commission's ruling, but he is convinced there are those who will kind of make sure he is sort of tucked down. Cus has his enemies, but they're not lurking behind every subway pillar, as he literally imagines. It would be a bright beginning for Eddie Dooley, New York's new boxing commissioner, if he would kind of let Cus know he'd be welcome back. We sort of feel that if he got this message, he'd reply.

BBC IN BLUNDERLAND

In order to film *Alas in Wonderland*, the BBC appealed to its viewers for three dozen live hedgehogs, which, you may recall, served reluctantly as balls in the Queen of Hearts' croquet game.

Directly, the RSPCA and one Walter Scott, scientific director of the Universities Federation for Animal Welfare, declined the request.

"Apart from the fact that hedgehogs do not really make good croquet balls," Scott declared, "their collection by the public for dispatch to the BBC will involve suffering. This is a punishable offense under the Cinematograph Films Act 1937. Hedgehogs also carry various diseases such as brucellosis, which may infect man."

The BBC replied that any hedgehogs submitted would be suitably cared for and that they would not be hit through croquet wickets, stuffed hedgehogs would be used for that purpose.

Nonetheless, since the English love little animals even more fiercely than perennials, the BBC settled for 15 live hedgehogs hired from a medical research institute—which prefers anonymity to complement its three stuffed ones.

No solicitation was made for live flamingos, the recalcitrant mallets in the croquet game. The BBC discreetly obtained fruit, accompanied by their handler, from a zoo in Northamptonshire, as well as six stuffed stand-ins.

MARIO'S INVENTION

Mario Andretti, the national driving champion (SI, May 30), won another race recently—the Atlanta 300. Perhaps it is not really news when a champion wins, but in cracking the Atlanta track record Andretti picked up the last of the six major USAC track marks.

In just four months he has broken the track records at Phoenix, Trenton, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Langhorne and Atlanta. In addition, having led from

continued



... a symbol of
personal attainment ...

CROSS
SINCE 1846

The winner of the GOLD CUP is recognized as the best in his field. The same might be said of CROSS Pens and Pencils — America's Finest Writing Instruments Since 1846.

FROM FOUR-FIFTY TO FIFTY DOLLARS EACH AT
BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE.

A HIGHER QUALITY MADE FAMOUS SINCE 1846
A. T. CROSS
LONDON • NEW YORK • CHICAGO

© 1984 A. T. CROSS COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL. 60606



DANGER! FAIR WEATHER...

True, Too much sun can damage an outdoorsman's skin—leave it parched, weather-lined, leathery-looking. Damage builds up with repeated exposure, adds years to your looks.

St. John's® Moisture Lotion screens out harmful sun rays, provides moisturizing action that tones the skin, makes it feel and look smoother, younger. From the West Indies Bay Co., St. Thomas, V.I. For name of nearest store, write our U.S. office, 680 Fifth Ave., New York City



If you
own a
Nikon F

you have more than 30 interchangeable Nikkor lenses to choose from; 14 interchangeable viewing screens; 4 interchangeable finders; 2 motor drives; copy and closeup equipment, macro and photomicrographic attachments, filters; flash units, cases, film cassettes, and an almost endless variety of accessories, whether you obtained your Nikon F today, yesterday or seven years ago.

If you are earnestly considering the creative possibilities of photography, ask your dealer to show you the Nikon F. For details, write:

Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11533 Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo Optical Industries, Inc.

SCORECARD *continued*

start to finish in the 100-milers at Milwaukee and Langhorne, and for all 300 miles at Atlanta, Andreotti has now run in front for 500 consecutive miles of championship races.

No one has even come close to such a thing before, and bemused USAC officials agree that in doing this Andreotti has not broken a record—he has invented one.

FLY NOW, PAY LATER

Whether or not you own a dirty airplane, we thought you might like to know that the nation's first semiautomatic aircraft wash will open in mid-July at Denver's Jefferson County Airport. One dollar for a 10-minute wash-and-rinse cycle

OPEN-HANDED

When Billy Casper won the U.S. Open, his caddie was Jim Stark, 19, No. 3 man on the Stanford golf team. During the first practice round, Stark couldn't get the hang of hefting Casper's bag and replacing divots, so he told Billy Casper Jr., 9, that if he replaced the divots he'd give him part of his caddie fee. Overhearing Stark, Casper warned, "Don't give him more than a dollar." After the second day of practice, Stark had figured out how to handle bag and divots, and little Billy was out of work.

Following the tournament, Casper, who had learned Stark was hard pressed to finance his education and might have to quit the golf team, gave him a check for \$2,000 and said he hoped he would earmark it for his education. There was a tag at Stark's sleeve. It was Billy Jr. asking for his share. Stark fished in his pockets and came up with \$4. "Listen," he said, "don't tell your father how much I gave you." Then he borrowed enough from another caddie to buy a sandwich.

The other day Casper got a letter from Stark. "Dear Mr. Casper," it read, "Last week will remain in my memory as the most wonderful week I have ever spent. The excitement and thrill of seeing you win was the great part of it. But equally meaningful was the graciousness and friendliness which is so much a part of your family and the people close to you."

I'm still overwhelmed by your generosity. I know I earned only a small part of the amount you gave me and I would like to express my appreciation by donating to your church."

Enclosed was a check for \$50 made out to "Mormon Church." **END**



Could you list everything in your living room? Close your eyes and try. If you can't, it could cost you money.

Nobody will consider you unduly fussy if you sit down this week and make a list of everything in the house. You're paying to insure it all... shouldn't you know what to claim? It's pretty hard to remember the contents of a room if the room isn't there.

To make your list, start with the big things like chairs, and go right on down to the jade thing Aunt Clara sent. Don't forget the carpet.

Date the list and keep it in a safety deposit box. (Do not keep it at home in the shoe box with the cancelled checks.)

The St. Paul's "extra." Most good Homeowner's policies are about the same; ours is, too. But (this is the "extra") we will try to persuade you to insure your home at the proper level; to a specific percent of the cost of rebuilding. If we are successful, you'll insure your house to replacement cost, and this means No Quibbling. Any St. Paul agent or broker will explain about us paying you *what it costs to re-build yours*, right to the percentage you've insured for, and no back talk. How about that?

Make that list.



THE ST. PAUL
INSURANCE COMPANIES



Serving you around the world — around the clock

St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Company
St. Paul Mercury Insurance Company
Western Life Insurance Company
St. Paul, Minnesota 55102

PERILS OF PARALYSIS



Faced with a 30-foot sidehill putt on the 3rd hole, Nicklaus begins by checking the line from behind the ball, then marks and cleans his ball.



Twenty seconds later he is in his putting stance. He moves over the ball, looks toward the hole, and then down at ball in a fury of concentration.

A staggering slowdown is strangling the game of golf. In the pictures below, Jack Nicklaus uses two and a half minutes to putt out at the U.S. Open, an example of how pro golfers are taking their time. With huge sums

at stake, this is understandable and hardly alarming, but recreational golfers mimic the pros. A Sports Illustrated survey shows the result: a nationwide trend that endangers the sport

by PAT RYAN



Replacing the ball, he moves forward slightly to look at the grain of the grass, then squats down to inspect the breaks from behind the ball.



At the 1:30 mark he has stroked the putt, leaving it short, and at 2:30 has putted out. Total time is not unusual for one of the slower four pros.

There is a conspicuous sign beside the first tee on the Old Course at St. Andrews that reads: "A round of golf should not take more than three hours." The notice is no well-preserved memento of the Royal and Ancient past, but a modern admonition concerning a major problem of the grand old game. Golf is suffering from a case of paralysis that threatens to spoil the sport.

In the past five years the average time to play a round of golf in the U.S. has risen from less than four hours to more than five and a half. As a consequence, fewer people are able to play, those who do enjoy it less and the survival of courses that depend on heavy play for revenue has been endangered.

The evidence is everywhere. In one year, from 1964 to 1965, 10 private Chicago country clubs showed a marked decline in rounds played. Public-course golfers in Minneapolis have taken to carrying cards in their bags so they can play gin rummy while waiting on the tees. From coast to coast public-course operators report leveling their rough, cutting down trees, filling in traps, draining water hazards and generally fixing things so that the only way a golfer could lose a ball would be to swallow it—all in an effort to speed up play. More and more, private clubs are being patrolled by "rangers," polite but firm fellows whose sole function is to pass on the curt policeman's message of, "Get moving." Somehow, almost unsuspected, the problem of slow golf has reached monstrous proportions. If all this strikes the golfer as vaguely Orwellian, it should, for it is obvious that slow play is insidiously reducing golf to some kind of long-distance lawn bowling.

It was not, however, until three weeks ago at the 66th U.S. Open that national attention focused on the situation. The U.S. Golf Association, acutely aware of the damage being caused, decided to take a hard look and a harder line on slow golf. "Slow play cannot be tolerated," it told the Open field and ruled that a threesome should complete its round in four hours. USGA officials dressed in their blue blazers followed the players in golf carts, watched their progress through field glasses, compared notes by walkie-talkie, tracked slow players on foot and warned groups when they fell behind. At times it seemed like the proper answer to the question, "How'd you do?" was 3:54 instead of 71.

The warning of a threesome that included Jack Nicklaus caused a furor. Nicklaus fumed on the course, then vented his wrath in the press room, saying that nobody could play an Open while being "followed by policemen with stopwatches." And Nicklaus had a point. But so did Arnold Palmer when he hustled around Olympic in 3:27, called it his most pleasurable 18 in years and shot a 66. If the intent of the USGA was to make slow play a *cause célèbre*, it had at last succeeded.

Slow play is a complex problem, for both the amateur and the pro. "The longer it takes to play," says Byron Nelson, "the fewer people can participate. As for the spectator, if he becomes bored with lack of action, that will hurt the game. I don't think a pro should be forced to play faster than the speed at which he believes he performs best, but a player can train himself not to be overly slow."

"They hate to make decisions now," says Jug McSpaden, another pro of the '30s and '40s. "They are conscious that if they make the wrong one it could cost them \$100,000. Once in a

tournament Gene Sarazen and I played a round in two hours and 15 minutes. I've always gone along with Gene's basic philosophy, 'Let's muck it quick!'"

Until the mid-'50s the touring pros averaged well under four hours a round—compared with 4:47 and 4:52 in the 1964 and 1965 U.S. Opens—and the few slow players on the tour stood out. The king of the crawlers was Cary Middlecoff, who could make Nicklaus look like a hare. Once during a filming of *All-Star Golf* the camera crews found that Middlecoff was sure to waggle his club at least 14 times over the ball. To save on-camera time, the director would wait until Cary got to waggle No. 11, then whisper, "Roll 'em." Middlecoff never knew. Later he saw the show. He watched it intently, and when it was over he announced, "Now I see what's wrong with my game. I've been playing too fast."

By the late '50s most of the pros were slowing up and tournament officials were becoming conscious of the problem. Jackie Burke recalls playing in a Masters with Ben Hogan. By then Hogan was having the frightful putting troubles that plague him still, which is an understandable—if lamentable—reason for slow play. "A Masters official," says Burke, "came up to me and said, 'Relate to Mr. Hogan that he is not playing fast enough.' I looked over at Ben, frozen over a putt, and I said, 'Relate it to Mr. Hogan yourself.'" Today Hogan still stands over putts for an eternity, but he doesn't delay play. In the era of the dawdle, how could he?

A countrywide survey by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED indicates that the slowdown by the pros has, in turn, made a morass of amateur golf. Some areas report an average of five hours for a country-club round, others say six. A weekend round on a public course may take from six to eight hours. In Kansas City, for example, it takes five and a half hours to play Southview golf course, exactly two hours more than it did 10 years ago. And then there is Fun City—New York. On a recent Sunday morning a lady checked in at the Clearview course in Queens at 6:30 a.m. At 5:30 p.m. she returned to the pro shop to ask for a refund on her golf-cart rental. She had been able to play only 14 holes. She got her money back.

Naturally, as the hours needed to complete 18 holes increased, the number of

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE OPEN

Here is how this year's increase in fast play reversed a slowdown trend in the U.S. Open.

	1965	1964	1963	1962
THREESOMES				
1ST RD.	4:27	5:24	5:27	4:16
2ND RD.	3:58	5:09	5:24	4:15
TWOSONS				
3RD RD.	3:42	4:28	4:25	3:40
4TH RD.	3:13	3:50	4:13	3:29

WHAT HAPPENED IN CHICAGO

In one year slow play was the main cause of the decline in rounds at 10 Chicago clubs.

	1964	1965
KNOXWOOD	18,200	13,000
GREEN ACRES	26,300	22,000
IDLETT	22,000	19,000
MIDLOTHIAN	18,700	13,900
NAPERVILLE	25,700	22,000
EVANSTON	19,600	18,100
LAKE SHORE	15,100	13,900
BOB O'LINK	14,900	12,700
ELGIN	13,200	12,000
EXMOOR	15,400	14,000

people able to get around a course in a day had to decrease. In 1956 play at Southview averaged 400 golfers a day. Now the figure is 300, but the course is still full. At Milwaukee's Greenfield course 750 golfers used to play on a Sunday. Now only 600 can tee off.

"Slow play," says Joseph C. Dey, the executive director of the USGA and the man most responsible for the well-being of U.S. golf, "is a thief of time and pleasure."

The superintendent of three public courses in one Midwest city tried to speed up his golfers, without success. "They would tell me, 'I am a taxpayer and I can take my time.' So I decided the best way to keep them moving was to eliminate the rough. I trimmed the trees high and thinned some out. Now they don't lose balls. This year I let some clover grow two inches where the rough should be, and one player gave me hell for not keeping the fairways cut."

According to a pro at a private club in Detroit, the more golfers are urged to move faster, the more they resent it. "They'll challenge you," he says. "They feel they are members and they come out to relax. What I've done is to have low rough—you can get as good a lie in it as on the fairway. We also use the middle or front of the tees."

In Novi, Mich., a Detroit suburb, Midge and Julie Cova make their livelihood out of their 27-hole layout. "We get them through 18 in four hours here on Saturdays and Sundays," Midge says, "because we don't have any rough at all. That's the way to do it. I let the rough grow for a recent tournament and we lost 40% of our play. It was taking six hours to get around. I learned my lesson. I'm going to mow that rough down and burn it. I can't afford not to."

A Texas municipal pro, Erwin Hardwick of Dallas, decided to fill in his sand traps to keep golfers moving. "We just have two little ones left beside the 18th green," he says. "Nobody complained."

The reasons for the slow-up of the weekend golfer are not the same as for the slow-up of the tour professional, but the relationship is cause and effect, with slow play by pros being the cause. Several years ago Joe Black, who was then the PGA tour supervisor, was asked why the pros were taking more and more time to play the game. "The first reason," he said, "is money. The second reason is money. And the third

'STOPWATCHES ARE NOT THE ANSWER'

The Masters champion tells why he feels the USGA speedup policies can be excellent for amateur golf but are not quite right for the pros, and explains why he got so angry at Olympic

BY JACK NICKLAUS

I wonder if the problem of slow play in golf isn't like the weather: you can talk a lot about it, but you can't do too much about it. You can encourage people that for the good of the game they should play faster—and they should. You can even put in a rule or two to speed things along. But too often such legislation does not work well. What is fair for one man is distinctly unfair for another; what works well under one set of conditions does not work under another.

What the USGA tried to do in the recent U.S. Open—as far as continuous putting and marking and cleaning the ball on the green was concerned—was a beginning, and did help speed up play. Perhaps my getting angry over being told to play faster will help, too, because the controversy is sure to emphasize how serious the problem has become for both the professional and the weekend golfer.

The USGA was trying to reduce playing time in the Open from the five and a half hours per round needed in the previous two years to four hours. This is a drastic change to expect overnight. The important part of the USGA program concerned action on the greens. Each player could clean his ball on the green only once. When he started putting he was required to hole out, unless he had to stand in the line of somebody else's putt. This may be fine for amateur golf, but would not necessarily be good on the pro tour, where little things mean so much. An Open course is usually in superb condition. The greens are smooth and immaculate. To clean your ball only once is no hardship.

But what about the course in the desert where the dew at night is so heavy? In the morning the greens are often covered with grass clippings. The unfortunate golfer who tees off at 8 a.m. is going to find himself staring at something resembling a green snowball after his first putt. The later starter gets a big advantage. Other tour courses have greens that have been top-dressed or greens with mud problems. Obviously, a golfer must clean his ball more than once under these conditions. But you can't keep changing the rules from course to course. Too many penalties would result. This is one difficulty with trying to solve the pro tour slow-play problem with legislation.

Another big cause of slow play is the recent trend in golf-course design. Courses are getting longer and greens bigger, much too long and much too big. The game is becoming one of two shots and then three putts. I've always thought that the fun of golf was

in hitting shots, not putts. The larger the greens, the more time putting takes. I know that the USGA is proud of how fast play was at Olympic, compared to Belvedere in 1965 and Congressional in 1964, but those courses were long and had large greens. Olympic was short, and had small greens.

And when is a round too slow? Especially a U.S. Open round. Some pros, like Doug Ford, can rush around a course in two and a half hours and be at their best. Others need four hours or more. Each player develops his own tempo. If you try to rush him his tempo breaks down. He will start to hit bad shots and, in all probability, will go from slow to slower.

This is exactly what happened to Bruce Devlin, Tony Lema and me at Olympic. On the second day we all had problems with the 4th hole. By the time we got to the 6th hole we had fallen a few minutes behind the threesome ahead of us. A USGA official told us all to speed up and walked right along with us to see that we did. This was unsettling, and hardly speeded up play. Tony went from about one over par to four or five over. Bruce immediately bogeyed a couple of holes. And I bogeyed four in a row. It was a perfect example of what can happen when you force a player to change his tempo. I might add that during the last nine of this controversial round, which took only 4:22, we did not slow down the field. At one point there was more than a full open hole behind us.

I think that we on the pro tour must work and work hard to speed up our play. Five and a half hours is too long for 18 holes, and we all realize it. I am among the slower players, and I know that I have improved my rate of play a lot in the past two years. Many of us have. But I don't think rules or stopwatches are the answer on the pro tour.

The larger problem is the influence that our slow play has on the amateurs who emulate us. The average golfer should try to understand two things: First, we are playing for our living, which makes a man careful. Second, I think we have the basic skill and experience to make our extra care pay off in lower scores.

If I had a tip for the weekend golfer, it would be that he is likely to score better playing at a brisk, refreshing pace than he will by tormenting himself with all the dos, don'ts, maybes and mightys of every shot. He will certainly enjoy the game more, and he will help solve the creeping paralysis that is spotting a amateur golf.

(continued on page 33)

© 1988 Jack Nicklaus. All rights reserved.

HERE COME THE YOUNG TURKS

A brigade of very young and very good ballplayers has infiltrated the long-dormant American League. The result, thus far, has been a scintillating pennant race and bright promise for the future **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

The 1965 World Series had just ended, and Tony Oliva of the losing Minnesota Twins was kneeling on the clubhouse floor winding strips of adhesive tape around a large pile of bats that were about to be stored away for the winter. There were tears on Oliva's cheeks, and the injured middle finger of his right hand was swollen to double its normal size.

"No hit!" he said. "In the Series I no hit like I should hit. Tony live to hit good."

Oliva had batted only .192 in the seven-game Series against the Dodgers and had only one home run and two runs batted in. As the ranking member of the American League's Young Turks—the extraordinary group of youthful stars that has infiltrated the starting lineups of the league's teams during the last few seasons—Oliva, sore finger notwithstanding, indeed had been a major disappointment. The resurgence of the American League had included in its timetable a victory in the 1965 World Series, and Oliva's dreary performance was probably the difference between victory and defeat. If he had hit in the manner to which he is accustomed (48 homers, 196 runs batted in and a .324 batting average in his first two seasons), the Twins probably would have won, and then there would have been no doubt at all that the American League was on its way back to the heights.

This year Oliva is again hitting at an impressive clip. Despite a June slump, he is among the leaders in home runs, runs batted in and batting percentage, has an excellent chance of becoming the first American Leaguer since Ty Cobb to win the batting title three years in succession and was second only to Frank Robinson in All-Star balloting for American League outfielders. But his Minnesota Twins are having difficulty staying in the first division. Part of the reason,

of course, is a general tailing off in performance by the Twins (Zito Versalles, for example, the Most Valuable Player in the league last season, had missed 16 games and was definitely not the Versalles of last year), but a more cogent reason concerns the play of the teams ahead of them in the standings: Baltimore, Detroit, Cleveland and California, all of them dependent to a significant degree on young, rising players.

Baltimore has an entire phalanx of youngsters in support of its leaders—the Robinsons—who will also be the American League leaders in the All-Star game next Tuesday. Frank and Brooks are undeniably the principal reasons why the Orioles are now the team to beat, but the Robinsons could not work their magic without the assistance of half a dozen kids who give the Orioles exceptional strength and balance all down the line.

Baltimore suffered a grievous setback in spring training when Ock Brown, the regular catcher, had to undergo surgery for a brain tumor. After scratching around in a pile of retirees, castoffs and bullpen workers in an effort to come up with a pennant-winning replacement, Manager Hank Bauer announced that he was entrusting the first-string catching job to a rookie named Andy Etchebarren (*see cover*), whose entire major league experience embraced seven games and 12 at bats. Etchebarren's only previous claim to renown had been the thickest eyebrows and heaviest beard in the big leagues (his teammates call him Lurch, after the character in the TV series, *The Addams Family*), though he did have some reputation as a defensive stylist. Bauer said that as long as the rookie handled his duties adequately in the field he really didn't care what he batted.

It turned out, of course, that Etchebarren not only was the defensive catcher Bauer wanted, but a solid, useful hitter,

too. He had nine homers through the first dozen weeks of the season and won several games with timely base hits. And he has gained a reputation as a tough competitor. "I don't know how many times he's been hurt," says Bauer, "because he bounces right back and goes on catching."

The rookie's blend of guts and gentility endears him to his Oriole teammates, who enjoy telling Etchebarren stories. In June, when the Orioles played in Anaheim—which is not far from Andy's home in La Puente—he went through the dressing room asking his teammates for any complimentary tickets they were not using. He needed them, he said, "for a few friends." When Etchebarren homered in the game, virtually an entire section of fans behind first base stood up and cheered ecstatically. Later, after Etchebarren had circled the bases with a huge grin on his face, he was asked how many people had come in from La Puente to see him. "I guess there were quite a few," he said. "About 10 busloads, as a matter of fact."

Along with Etchebarren, the Orioles have leaned heavily on other young players in their bid for dominance. Their bullpen is loaded with aged and great relievers (Stu Miller, Ock Hall, Eddie Fisher), but the best work has been done by 24-year-old Eddie Watt, who had never pitched so much as one major league inning before this season. Three of Baltimore's starters are Jim Palmer, a big league sophomore at the age of 20, Wally Bunker, in his third season at 21, and Dave McNally, in his fourth full year at 23. Second Baseman Dave Johnson, another 23-year-old, proved so capable at second base that Bauer benched his established second baseman, Jerry

continued

Tony Oliva, 24, won two straight batting titles, may be first since Cobb to make it three.





Angels' Rick Reichardt, 22, achieved big-league maturity this year, is among besting leaguers.

Indians' Sam McDowell, 22, is Cleveland's ace. When Sam's arm hurts, the Indians slump.



THE YOUNG TURKS *continued*

Adair, and eventually traded him off for Eddie Fisher. John (Boog) Powell, who looks like Jack Nicklaus would if he traded in his wedge for a Louisville Slugger, won't be 25 until the middle of August, and yet this is the sixth straight season that he has worn an Oriole uniform. Powell, who is 6 feet 4½ and weighs in the neighborhood of 250, started abysmally this year but then turned hot. In five weeks he jumped his average 124 points, hit 10 home runs and raised his runs batted in total to 49.

Another potent Baltimorean is Curt Blefary, just 23 this month. A long-ball hitter, he had 22 homers last year and seems likely to go beyond that this time. Blefary has gained a certain degree of attention for two related things: 1) he was originally signed by the New York Yankees, who let him go to Baltimore in 1963 when they wanted to make room on their roster for another player, and 2) he has, as if in revenge, murdered the Yankees with his bat ever since.

The Orioles are the American League team most thoroughly infested with accomplished youth, but the California Angels run them a good second, even though the Angels are running no higher than a good fourth in the league standings. Rick Reichardt, the most impressive member of the Angel youth movement, is a big, powerful, graceful kid, who is a splendid outfielder as well as a high-average, long-ball hitter. Hampered by an injured hand through most of June, Reichardt nonetheless maintained his position among the top sluggers in the league and was a runner-up selection to the All-Star team. If other young Angels—cherubim like Dean Chance, 25, Jim Fregosi and Fred Newman, 24, Paul Schaaf, 23, Marcelino Lopez, Jim McGlothlin, José Cardenal and Jackie Warner, 22, and Ed Kirkpatrick, 21—either develop, like Reichardt, into established stars, or return, as Chance and Fregosi must, to star ranking they have already achieved, then the Angels of the future will be a team to watch.

Certainly the Angels have a brighter future than, to be specific, the Cleveland Indians. The only truly outstanding player under 25 that the Indians possess at the moment is the 23-year-old left-hander, Sam McDowell. The Indians' de-

continued

Orioles' Curt Blefary, 22, is power hitter and vital member of Baltimore's murderers' row.





pendence on McDowell was graphically demonstrated by their stumble and slide from the league leadership after Sudden Sam's arm went bad in midspring. With McDowell the Indians are an impressive team. Without him they are—in the context of the youthful American League—an aging and declining collection of ball-players.

Not so the Detroit Tigers, who are hard on Baltimore's heels. Detroit doesn't have the flaming youth of Baltimore or California, but it does have the likes of big, beefy Bill Freehan, in his fourth full major league season at 24 and the starting catcher on this year's All-Star team. And Outfielder Willie Horton, 23, who is built like Roy Campanella and bats—sometimes—the way Roy did. Horton, 209 pounds on a 5-foot 10½-inch frame, has immense power (29 homers last year and 104 runs batted in, despite missing almost 20 games), though his ability to demoralize opposition pitchers runs in fits and starts.

And then there is the youthful trio of Tiger pitchers: Mickey Lolich, the old man at 25, Joe Sparrino, 24, and Denny McLain, at 22 the most successful pitcher in the league. McLain is a kid who wears glasses on a tough Irish face, has Lou Bloudeau for a father-in-law and says and does cheerfully kooky things. He still drinks a dozen bottles of Pepsi-Cola a day, and he still comforts himself after a race losing game by sitting down at his Hammond organ (he is a professional musician and music teacher) and playing for his own enjoyment until 6 in the morning. As of last Sunday he had won more games than anyone else in the majors except Sandy Koufax of the Dodgers and Juan Marchal of the Giants. If he wins 20 this year—which he seems a cinch to do, barring injury or disaster—he will be the youngest 20-game winner the American League has had since Bob Feller did the trick a quarter of a century ago.

McLain, who has no inhibitions about discussing himself and his achievements on and off the diamond, is an appealing combination of breezy egotism and cold self-analysis. After he won his 10th game he said blithely, "Only 20 more to go for 30." Yet, when asked about his impressive won-lost record (12-3) early in

July, he said in a matter-of-fact way, "I've won quite a few games, but I'm not really as sharp as I should be. Look at the homers I've given up. Twenty, and it's not even midseason. And, boy, were they *hot*! There wasn't a cheap one among them."

"But when I lose I don't do things like other people do. Like when Mickey Lolich loses, he breaks all the light bulbs he sees. Drives the electricians crazy. Me, I go home and sit down at the Hammond and think about the mistakes I made. I play until the sun comes up. I don't think it's strange that a pitcher should be able to play the organ. I love to play it. During the winter I played at a cocktail lounge in Detroit, and when I have time I give lessons."

"I like people. I like people to know about me. Some players object to publicity about their private lives. I don't care. In the beginning of 1965 Joe Falls, who's the sports editor of the *Free Press* here in Detroit, heard that I drank a lot of Pepsi-Cola, and he came and asked me about it. I told him the truth, that sometimes I knocked off as many as 16 bottles a day. Joe wrote about it, and the Pepsi-Cola people read the story, and they sent a truckload over to the house. Now I work for them, and the trucks keep coming, and I still love it, even though I can get all I want."

"I guess maybe all the notoriety affects your personal life in some ways. They had my wife on television, and she was terrific. Everyone called in and said how much they liked her, and I was happy for her. Then, of course, I had to bring her back down to earth after she didn't wash the dishes for three days."

"Tenjoy kidding around, and I usually don't mind what people write about me. Though I didn't like it when Falls wrote that I was an imp. Come to think about it, I guess I am an imp. Except that before I pitch I'm the meanest man in the world. If anyone comes near me I'll take his head off."

"Did you hear about the great pitching battle in Detroit this year? Dennis McLain against Sam McDowell, and the papers played it up big. This was supposed to be the game that would determine who was the best pitcher in the league. Sam McDowell is the only man in baseball that I am truly afraid of, because he can throw so fast that he could put a hole in my head. Well, this was a meeting to decide which of us was really

the best. Sam lasted an inning and two-thirds, and I went two and two-thirds. And that was the great battle. Except that when I batted against him he struck me out on three pitches, and when he batted against me I got him on three, so it was a draw."

When his attention is drawn to the pennant race McLain insists that the Tigers are going to win. "We have the best team all around," he says, "and we just know we're going to win. You can make a lot of money in Detroit if you are good, and you can have a lot of fun, as well."

The next three weeks are going to be big ones for the hotshot kids of the American League. Not so much for individuals like home-run-hitting George Scott of the 10th-place Boston Red Sox, who this time last year was playing for Pittsfield in the Eastern League and now is the starting first baseman on the All-Star team, or Tommie Agee of the Chicago White Sox, who is about the only cheerful thing the troubled Sox have come across this season (Agee has created excitement in Comiskey Park because he openly imitates the center-field style of Willie Mays—flapping his arms when a ball is hit his way, running out from under his cap, making basket catches and generally resembling a man playing the outfield on a skate board). But for those on the pennant-contending teams, this may well be the time of decision. Last year the Minnesota Twins won the pennant in July; they began the month in second place and concluded it six games in front and waving goodbye to their distant pursuers. The 1966 schedule, a real nightmare of imbalance, has the first-place Orioles and the second-place Tigers meeting six times in eight days in mid-July, after which they play but five games the rest of the season. The Orioles moved into first place during June, when they played only half a dozen games against first-division teams. But in midsummer Detroit will get its chance when it plays 30 of 33 games against lesser teams in the league.

Whatever happens, the wealth of talented young players rising to prominence as Yankee stars and Yankee dominance fade, give promise of bright years to come. They have revived sagging interest, and in All-Star and World Series play they seem certain to regain for the American League a good measure of its lost prestige.

END

Denny McLain, 22, could be youngest pitcher in a quarter of a century to gain 20 victories

SALTY SAILOR OF PARK AVENUE

Yachtsman Bill Snaith is a refreshing storm center in New York's glacial ocean of glass and stainless steel

by COLES PHINIZY

Park Avenue, New York City's most famous boulevard, is a changed place. The sidewalks where rich sports, dowagers and Postmeritians once walked are crowded with commerce. The glass-faced buildings lining the sidewalks stand tall, sterile and inhuman. There are scarcely enough baroque overcroppings left to accommodate the pigeons. The career women of Park Avenue are far better-looking than the dowagers of yore—their legs are trimmer and they carry their bosoms higher—but they are glass-faced like the buildings. In offices along the avenue the most eye-catching window display often is a portrait gallery of executives, each face grim enough to repel children and frozen sufficiently by Bachrach to qualify for a place in Madame Tussaud's waxworks.

But in one office on the east side of Park Avenue, nine floors up, there is one important executive whose face has not yet been frozen by Bachrach or anyone else. He is a Renaissance caveman named William Snaith. At age 58, Bill Snaith does not look like a Park Avenue man of distinction, nor does he act the part. He wears his hair longer than an executive should. His brindle moustache is shaggy and tends to wiggle recklessly around his face. At his desk Snaith





usually talks soberly, but when a matter at hand seems to be getting too serious he is apt to throw a leg over the arm of his chair and let go a fresher of Groucho Marxist nonsense.

Despite the burdens of his position, Snath's ego is still full-blown, the panting animal in him has not yet succumbed. He is equally comfortable among high- and low-brows, for his interests run the gamut. When Beethoven's *Pastorale* is done right, he applauds; when Rob Gardner of the Mets wins a 10-hitter, he cheers; when he notices ladies' hemlines inching upward, he rejoices openly. Given the right breaks in life, Snath might have capitalized on his broad tastes and gregariousness by becoming a bartender. By the fate of things, he became instead an architect, decorator, designer, consumer analyst, painter, critic, writer, raconteur, casual musician, popular after-dinner speaker and ocean sailor. More specifically, he became managing partner in the firm of Raymond Loewy William Snath Inc.—a company that deals largely in industrial design but has more sidelines than a hock shop.

A company name like Raymond Loewy William Snath Inc., of course, sticks in the throat more easily than in the mind. Although most people are barely aware of the company, its impact is considerable. When a housewife spends money at spiffy marts like Bloomingdale's and Lord & Taylor, she is doing so in a seductive environment conceived by Loewy Snath. If a husband quits his job at a corrugated-box factory, it may be because he is tired of operating a cutter-creaser-strapper machine designed by Loewy Snath. In the near future if you, gentle reader, are mugged while riding on the New York City transit system, you will probably regain consciousness in a pool of your own blood, staring up at the new subway coachwork and backlit advertising panels designed by Loewy Snath. If you have ever consumed Shreddies or Oysterettes, Old Forester or Early Times, if you have used aureomycin hog cholera vaccine, or if you have ever bought a water-jet massager for your gums, you have been under the influence of Loewy Snath. One way to get away from Loewy Snath might be to cast yourself adrift on the sea, but even then you could not be certain. Indeed,

if in a mad-Atlantic gale you should hear above the wind song and hiss of the sea a voice bawling out succinctly, "Goddam-it," it is a good bet that just beyond the next swell you would find Bill Snath at the helm of his yawl *Figaro IV*.

For the past 20 years, in one or another of his four *Figaros*, Snath has spent much of his time at sea, cruising and racing. He has been dismasted off Montauk and diskeeled in the Gulf Stream. He has ghosted past Diamond Head and has slid on the scend of mad-Atlantic seas at better than 12 knots. He has often been hung up on Bahama shoals and has sat for hours in the windless languor of Long Island Sound. He has suffered in the slap-chop of the shallow North Sea, and he has wandered lost north of Scotland in The Bore off Mull Head. He came close to breaking his back once in the English Channel and nearly broke an arm trying to harpoon a mola mola in the waters off—of all exotic places—Greenwich, Conn. Thinking over his misadventures, Snath says, "I have one motto which I keep repeating to the irritation of my loved ones: 'Any man who does not cross a starting line early at least once a season and who does not go aground while cruising at least once a year isn't really trying.'"

Between misadventures like these, Snath has sailed many a pleasant mile through days of sun and wind, with everything shipshape, his socks dry and his position known, but when it comes to remembering anything about such revoltingly normal and untrying times his sense of recall is about even with that of a newt. But he has total recall about the miseries, humiliations and near disasters he has suffered at sea.

For once in his life Bill Snath was not among the skippers dropping anchor in Bermuda's Hamilton Harbor two weeks ago. He was under doctor's orders to take it easy for a while. But if you ask him about other Bermuda races, in which he has competed seven times, offhand he is likely to say "I think I have been second, and fourth, and seventh, and lousy." He took first place in the Transatlantic Race to Sweden in '60, he was captain of the winning American Admiral's Cup team in '61 and first overall on the Southern Ocean Racing Circuit last year. Beyond these major victories, he is

continued

hard put to remember just what he was up to in any given year or how he fared as a racing skipper.

Too often a man who goes to sea for the love of it becomes in time a very dull fellow. Indeed, one of the easiest ways to plumb the depths of boredom is to ask a well-soaked skipper whether he has ever sailed in the tide race off New London or in the gut between Scylla and Charybdis. The mere mention of these classical names will release a flood of untrigging episodes. "Oh, hy God," the skipper will exclaim. "Indeed I know the Race and the gut off Scylla. I was stemming the tide once in the Race—or was it off Scylla? I forget. But anyway, the wind was force 7, and the crew had just split the last grunion on board. And, even with the grunion gone, we still made it through. You could never guess how. We simply ruff-raffed a spud to the counterport. Then we plected a weevil through the stallion, routed it around the stamen and fleeced it to the mullion just forward of the parbol. We had a time, but it was nothing compared to the year before off Scylla. Or was it the Race? Anyway, . . ."

After laboring as a deckhand for years and being force-fed sailing talk in her off-hours, the wife of one skipper said recently and wearily, "I was living with my so-called husband Jack before he married his first boat. He has married two more since, but he still remembers his first love. He says she had the damndest spreaders he ever saw on anything her size."

In some extraordinary way, in a short period of 20 years, Bill Snaith has become a very fine amateur skipper without alienating his family or friends or boring casual acquaintances. The sea game remains merely one of the major ingredients in the mess of enthusiasms that are stewing within him. He can talk boat talk, but it is not his only tongue. Half a year ago Snaith packaged the day-by-day logs of two of his transoceanic trips—one cruise and one race—an book form for public consumption. The book, *Across the Western Ocean*, has been well received by sailors but, more significantly, it has even been read for pleasure by nonsailors.

A proper entry in a ship's log should read coldly and concisely: *1100 Hours. Course 105°, Wind SW at six. Distance covered: 167 miles. At 0925 hours Crewman Jonah of the starboard watch fell*

overboard and was eaten by a whale.

By contrast, in his log entries Skipper Snaith editorializes, romanticizes, digresses, exalts, praises, mocks, scorns and curses. His entry for 0700 hours one morning at sea reads: "The chief blind mouse, our navigator, claims we have come 1055 miles." In another entry Snaith is downright lyrical: "The boat rushes along in the night, a cushion of gray foam under her forefoot. She sets a tireless purpose. We are not so tireless, but we are with purpose . . . There is in this tumbling waste a certain order and beauty."

In a log entry at the start of the 1963 Transatlantic Race, when he was supposedly aimed for England and very newly ran into the good old U.S.A., he gives the reader a staccato report of the drama: "Breakers ho! For crowsakes! Land right ahead! It is enough to give a man the yellow stain. . . . Our compass is eight degrees off on an easterly heading."

In another log entry written in mid-Atlantic, Snaith suggests that the noble quest of gallant men for England was more like a survival test in the Paris sewers. "The dawn struggles out from under a dense cloud cover," Snaith wrote on the 10th day. "If it were not for the fact that at sea one becomes long-suffering, I could get pretty tired of this kind of morning. We are all swamy in our many layers of clothing, each man locked into his particular fragrance. This morning for instance, I thought I smelled a horse. When I turned around to look, there was nobody around but me. . . . This night ends like most others—drizzle and unloveliness. We have been rained on steadily. I feel webs growing between my toes."

In a Snaith log the reader not only shares the human experience but also gets a fund of information that he may never need. In his logs Snaith often wanders outrageously off the mark to discuss such things as hardos at Bennington College, the Roman mule, the Papal Line of Demarcation, the uncommon anatomy of the common raccoon, the use of luciferin in chemiluminescence and the effect of private habits on mores in the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV.

"Why do I love the sea?" Snaith asks. "I have never answered that question to my satisfaction. I have written about the sea, but when I read what I write there are so many answers that there really

isn't any. I do not know where it came from or why, but for all my remembered life I have had a passion for the sea."

Snaith's life, erratically remembered, began in the Borough Park section of Brooklyn back when it still had many vacant lots for boys. He saw his first cow in Brooklyn and made his first model boat in shop class at P.S. 164. Snaith is of Lithuanian stock and, while his forebears doubtless got here by boat, to judge by the best evidence Snaith has, they were unseaworthy people. He remembers a particular day long ago when his grandmother took a single step onto a Hudson River Day Line boat that was still snuggled to the pier, then threw up.

Snaith the boy read pulp thrillers, real history and fictionalized history by men like G. A. Henty. "I read the Civil War," Snaith recalls, "written by—who was it? Joseph Alsheker?—all about Antietam, Shiloh and the Crater. I read all about the Wyandottes and the Wild West and Nick Carter, but I never wanted to be a cowboy or a cop. I read Tarzan, yet I never wanted to swing through trees. For me the most fascinating reading always was the sea."

"For sport I ran and swam," Snaith says. "I ran the 440 and was no good. I was a fair swimmer, 100-yard freestyle and relays, but those were bad times for ordinary men because we were up against a beast named Johnny Weissmueller and one named Arne Borg. There was a pretty little swimmer named Eleanor Holm, and it was a goddam hopeless job even trying to beat her. The only thing I got out of swimming was shoulder muscles."

Snaith was a consistent hooky-player in his high school years. He spent his lunch money on movies and vaudeville shows and left without a diploma. While working for a lithographer, he developed a taste for the arts. He subsequently made up his high school deficiencies while studying architecture at New York University, but before he completed his degree at NYU he got a fellowship and went to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris. Although architecture elsewhere was marching ahead under men like Walter Gropius of the Bauhaus, at the Ecole the profession was still hung up on the buttresses of yesteryear. Disappointed, Snaith gave the Ecole only modest devotion and rounded out his time abroad as a Left Bank painter and part-time bowleroller. Reviewing the hops, skips

continued

So nice to come home with...so nice to come home to!



Lear Jet Stereo 8[™]

the first and finest 8-track tape cartridges and players



Drive to the sounds of Carnegie Hall...thrill to the brilliant stereo music from the world's finest tape cartridge system...Lear Jet Stereo 8...the quality standard of the industry. Even a traffic jam becomes bearable! The Stereo 8 provides over an hour's entertainment of your choice from the libraries of over 40 leading record companies. Integral AM or FM radio optional for both car and home units.



At home...use the same cartridges to enjoy full dimensional stereophonic reproduction through your present home stereo system by plugging-in this handsomely crafted Lear Jet Home Tape Deck. Discover for yourself the conveniences and musical perfection of Lear Jet tapes, decks and radios...the modern way to enjoy recorded entertainment. See your dealer and listen to the finest...Lear Jet Stereo 8.

LEAR JET INDUSTRIES / Stereo Systems • Avionic Instrumentation • Executive and Avline Jet Aircraft
Stereo Division • 13131 Lyndon Ave., Detroit, Michigan

LEAR JET

STEREO 8



You'll feel like a King... She'll look like a Queen



AND YOU'LL BE ACES WITH ALL THE FAMILY WITH FOUR-SEASON CLIMATE CONTROL

If you have a family, you know how much more fun driving is when everybody is comfortable. No grouching. And there's a way that you can see to it that you and your family stay comfortable—all the time. General Motors four-season climate control.

As you might guess from the name, four-season lets you control the climate inside your car all year long—spring, summer, fall and winter. Makes no difference how hot and humid it is outside, or freezing cold, for that matter. You just change the weather to suit yourself.

And there are some extras you may not have heard about. You feel better and look better when you travel with four-season climate control, because it removes excess humidity, and pollen and dirt. So play it cool and stop by your General Motors Dealer's for a refreshing demonstration. Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick or Cadillac.

* COMPRESSOR BY FRIGIDAIRE



HARRISON RADIATOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, LOCKPORT, N.Y.

and gaps in his academic life, he says, "I have only one diploma, from P.S. 164. But for the grace of God, I could have become a bum. But then, who knows how my career is really made?"

Snath did not own a sailboat until he was well established in the U.S. as an architect, decorator and designer. By then he was 38, an age when many blue-water sailors are already on their second boat and dreaming of one still bigger. Snath's first boat was a 19-foot sloop that he and his wife, Betty, named *Cleody Skipper* after their eldest son, MacLeod (then age 4), and their second son, Sheppard (age one and nicknamed Skipper). The *Cleody Skipper* was essentially a day sailer, but in it the Snaths roamed the length of Long Island Sound. The kids slept on sailbags. Betty cooked with Sterno. The three Snaths aboard who were at that time housebroken used a galvanized bucket. In those days Block Island, 90 miles from the Snath anchorage in Westport, Conn., was Ultima Thule, the final goal, the mystery land that lay somewhere out in the mist half a day from the mainland across waters infested by ferriesboats and submarines. "When I made it to Block Island by dead reckoning," Snath says beaming, "I felt like Columbus."

In *Cleody Skipper* Snath experienced the usual griefs of the novice. In his first summer the boat sank three times and doubtless would have kept at it if Snath had not found a knot-hole near the waterline and plugged it with a cork. The auxiliary power of the little sloop was a lawn-mower motor with a mind of its own—at times harder to start than a mixed gate of mares and stallions. Once started, the motor would not always stop when asked. Snath sometimes struck it with a hammer. Close friends believe that both Snath and his vocabulary are stronger today because of the motor in the little sloop.

In the past 20 years typical of the breed, Snath has gone ever upward, leaving one good boat for a better one. His present 50-foot yawl is greatly admired as an outstanding compromise between racing efficiency and cruising comfort. And—oh, wonder of it all—despite the many boats in his life, Snath's wife and three sons remain loyal to him. "If Betty does not like sailing," Snath says, "it has been a secret all these years, and one that we hope will never come to the surface."

All three Snath boys have served on

their father's transatlantic crews, and still they love him and the privations of the sea. The youngest Snath, Jocko, races planing center boards. The two older Snath boys skippered their college teams, capitalizing on disciplines they acquired as sprouts in the *Blue Jay* class. The Snath boys learned early that a racing man must always operate at the top of his form, and in this regard one episode in the career of his son Cleody stands out in Bill Snath's mind. While Cleody was racing one day in air so light it barely moved the boat, his brother Skip, serving as crew, rebelled. Under ordinary circumstances, such mutiny would have resulted in scuffling, blows and bodily kicks. "But Cleody knew," Bill Snath points out proudly, "that any arm-swinging, any real disturbance in such light air could kill the momentum of the boat and ruin his chances in the race. So, with barely any movement, he leaned forward and hit his brother."

To the distress of sailing parents, children in their formative years often do a complete about-face, rejecting the sport. When it is time for a family sail, they ask to stay home. Sometimes they sneak off and ride in powerboats. A few years back the two older Snath sons fell into worse ways: they started riding motorcycles. "Although now married, my son Cleody not only rides motorcycles," Bill Snath admits with distaste and wonder, "but sometimes drives places in a car with his motorcycle on a trailer. Then he gets on the motorcycle and rides it."

Snath is not altogether dismayed by this decay in his family. He figures the kids will tire of cycles before they are 50. He is, furthermore, tolerant of such defections since he was nearly lured away once by a Swiss client of Loewy Snath Inc. The client, one Ernst Feuz (as Snath remembers the name) was, unbeknownst to Snath, a mountaineer of repute. After driving Snath around Switzerland for much of a night, the client put him up at his chalet, where there was literature on mountaineering. "I took a book called something—I forget—to read myself to sleep," Snath says. "But I was fascinated by it. In three or four pages I read that my host, Feuz or Fuzz, was a famous mountaineer who had established many firsts—walked up the Eiger backwards, or on his hands, or something. You don't simply climb a mountain anymore. It's how you climb it—in the dead of night, or in a blizzard,

continued

Progress Is Our Least Important Product

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Pausing at the desk of the little girl learning to write, the teacher asked, "But where is the dot over the i?"

"It's still in the pencil," the youngster replied.

There, too, are our plans for modernizing the production of our hand-made sour mash Bourbon.

Such intent is neither on paper nor in prospect. And speaking for our family distillery, America's oldest in fact, "still in the pencil" shall it forever remain!

Our conviction is that new fangled methods have yet to improve the quality and flavor of old-fashioned Bourbon.

When my father first joined this industry more than two generations ago, the whiskey-making art had reached its zenith, perfected by a century of trial and error.

Today, rather than seeking change, we just try to keep our Old Fitzgerald as good as it was 80 years ago.

As such, our country distillery is an anachronism. As I recently told a General Electric friend,—"We are similar in striving for perfection, but dissimilar in that 'Progress is our least important product!'"

Thank goodness, some things never change—Chantilly lace, Waterford crystal, Royal Doulton, Sterling silver among others.

Refusing to bow to Progress, we do indeed pay a price. For, Kentucky Distilling Records prove that our Old Fitzgerald is the most expensively made Bourbon in Kentucky . . . and probably in the world.

But if you are one who appreciates a whiskey of authentic, old-time character, we believe you will find our most-expensive-to-make Old Fitzgerald the one Kentucky Bourbon most-pleasant-to-enjoy.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
100 Proof or Prime Straight 86.8



A Hartford Agent I'd never seen before gave me overnight service 400 miles from home.

He was a complete stranger. But after my accident late at night, he found me a place to stay. And had my car repaired by the next morning. The man was a Hartford Agent.

Your Hartford Agent does more than he really has to do.



Insurance by
THE HARTFORD

The Hartford Insurance Group (Hartford), Conn. Hartford Fire Insurance Company • Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company • Hartford Life Insurance Company • Hartford Investment Company of New Jersey • New York Bituminous Insurance Company • First City and Southern Company

SALTY SAILOR

or in some other equally miserable way.

"When I woke up in the morning, the sun was just up, and there, for chrissakes, framed in my window, shining bright, bright, was the Jungfrau. I never knew before what it meant to love a mountain, to respond to an enormous pile of stone that has been there for a millennium. It was about 5:30—colder than hell—and I walked around this little place, whatever it was called. I could see the Zugspitze or the Weisshorn. I saw the Eiger and the Jungfrau. I bought books on mountaineering, and I spent one whole day in Zurich trying to buy climbing shoes, but nobody knew what I was talking about. Apparently, to buy them you have to go to a big place called Kandahar. For some reason, just about everything to do with mountaineering is called Kandahar. I felt I ought to start making some practice climbs against the day when I would make a big climb. In almost no time it had become something I had to do. But then I found another man in the hotel who had been reading books on mountaineering and was very serious about it. The two of us got together and talked ourselves out of it." Thus shaking off his Alpine euphoria before he had even struggled 100 feet up the north face of Mt. Masochism, Snath returned to the sea, where a man does not have to be miserable all of the time.

When Skipper Snath comes back to port after a casual day's sail aboard *Figaro*, counting from the time the spring lines are set, it often takes him half an hour to travel the 100 yards from his boat to his automobile. He is bound to stop and trade ideas with—and heap abuse on—every rival skipper. It is sheer pleasure for him to lure a good friend and archrival like Skipper Richard Nye of *Carina* below decks, where they can insult each other in comfort. In such bouts, by custom, each insult refers to the insult in the third person, and the guest skipper is allowed to open. Settling down his glass, Nye will begin: "Bill Snath once went to his psychiatrist because he was frustrated. The psychiatrist delved into his subconscious and said, 'You are frustrated because Nye beats you so often. So the thing for you to do with all your money is to go out and build yourself a better rule-beater.' So Snath built this better rule-beater, which in his hands is a very comfortable cruising boat."

Snath replies: "Nye is mad at me be-

cause his hanker is mad at him. His banker is mad because I take more of Nye's money than he does. When I beat him to Bermuda, Nye says, 'I don't happen to have the \$50 right now.' Then later he says, 'Bill, this is getting too commercial. Let's forget betting.' And then, without paying me, Nye proposes that for the race to Sweden the losing skipper buy dinner for both crews and their friends—which would be more than \$50. So when I crossed the finish line at Skagen, I asked only one question. I didn't care about anybody else. I asked what time Nye finished in *Carina*. And then I shouted down the companionway, 'It's pheasant under glass for every man aboard.'"

Paintings by William Snath have been hung a number of times in New York museums and galleries and have been praised by the critics. Snath, himself, has been hung by the critics once. Five years ago, becoming a critic himself in a book, *The Irresponsible Arts*, Snath protested the incipient sterility and inhumanity that he found spoiling various forms of expression. Seemingly aroused because an interloper was milking their sacred cow, the critics lit into him. Instead of criticizing the book itself (which needed it), they protested his protests. They became fleas on a flea, thus proving to some extent just what Snath claimed: that the arts were crashing inside themselves. The whole fight died out quickly and is of no matter now except that, like Snath's brief romance with the Jungfrau and his quest of Block Island, it helps to explain something of the man and his loves. Snath the sailor, like Snath in *tofo*, is man unconfined, usually human and still unsterilized—a painter often in need of a canvas larger than he can stretch on a frame. In discussing the technology of sailing recently, Snath gave a clue to this. "Sailing is an exciting, inexact science," he said. "Where an airplane often might be reduced to certain constants, a sailboat cannot, because it has no constant environment. It is on the surface and in the water and in the air. It changes its angle. It changes its shape. It contends with actions of water and differentials of wind. How can you have an exact science? Someday, perhaps, they may make sailing exact, eliminate the human element, but they haven't yet, thank God."

When they do, Bill Snath will probably head back to the Jungfrau. **END**



Fuzzy.

On the surface, the Wilson Championship looks like almost any other tennis ball. Yet underneath that fuzzy cover, the Championship delivers the kind of controlled, consistent liveliness that has made it America's most popular tournament tennis ball. Every Wilson Championship ball plays the same and "feels" the same—on any court surface. Slam it and see for yourself.



Fuzzier.

The Wilson Extra Duty Championship is different from other tennis balls because it's fuzzier. Which is the reason why it lasts longer on concrete, asphalt and other hard surface courts. Pick up a can of Extra Duty Championships at your sporting goods store or tennis pro shop and play them in your next game. Chances are you'll wear down before they do.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co. Chicago
©1988 Wilson Sporting Goods Co. All rights reserved.



While the experts debate how an athlete can get ready for the sky-high Mexico City Olympics, Marathoner Buddy Edelen is finding out for himself in the thin, chill air of Colorado **by GWILYM S. BROWN**



AMERICA'S GRITTY GUINEA PIG

I've never been very fast, but I've always had a lot of guts," says Leonard (Buddy) Edelen, who until last year was the fastest marathoner the U.S. had to offer. For the last 10 months Edelen (pronounced Ee-da-lin) has needed all the guts available in his wispy, 5-foot 10-inch body. After 28 years of breathing the good, thick air between sea level and 1,500 feet, Edelen has committed himself to a year of living and training in Alamosa, Colo., which is barely in the same atmosphere. Training for the marathon is tough enough work. Doing it in the oxygen-poor air available at 7,540 feet is simply compounding the agony. In case anyone has been allowed to forget, however, this is almost exactly the elevation of Mexico City, site of the 1968 Olympic Games, and Edelen is planning ahead. His progress—snaillike though it may be—is being watched closely by ev-

eryone interested in high-altitude competition, by coaches, officials and athletes who think a man must train his lungs to compete in Mexico City and by those who think the problem lies less in the lungs than in the head.

For Edelen, an extraordinarily resilient and optimistic Midwesterner (he was raised in Sioux Falls and graduated from the University of Minnesota), the experiment has been a revealing, if sometimes discouraging, one. Altitude aside, taking up residence in Alamosa is not a move to consider lightly. Its population of 6,305 is friendly almost to a man, and on the western edge of town is the surprisingly modern, trim and attractive campus of little Adams State College. But the town lies becalmed and thoroughly isolated in the center of the flat, 50-mile wide San Luis Valley with a year-round climate officially drier than the

Sahara Desert, and winter temperatures that can drop to a crackling 51° below zero. That kind of cold can make it tough on a man who makes a habit of taking early-morning runs.

Until a year ago Edelen had never heard of Alamosa, which is not necessarily surprising. He went there to train and to earn his Master's degree at the behest of Fred Wilt, once a famed distance runner, now an FBI agent, author of several learned track-and-field publications and athletic adviser to Edelen and a passel of other runners. From 1960 to 1965 Edelen had been living in England (also on Wilt's advice), teaching in secondary schools and earning a reputation as one of the most formidable road runners in Europe (SI, June 1, 1964). He also finished a creditable sixth in the 1964 Olympic marathon in Tokyo.

Then last year mentor Wilt decided it



HOODED AGAINST THE COLD, NOSE SOMETIMES BLEEDING, BACK ACHING, EDELEN PLOWS THROUGH THE COLORADO HIGHLANDS

was time for protégé Edelen to start getting ready for Mexico City. Adams State College not only has good training facilities—including a big, new, \$1.6 million field house with an indoor track and special exercise rooms—but town and gown had combined to form a committee to promote the use of Alamosa as a pre-Olympic training site. Wilt correctly reckoned that Edelen, who dedicates himself to any project he is in as though it were his last effort on earth, would fit perfectly into the town's plans. With a phone call to the college Wilt secured for Edelen a position as a graduate assistant in the department of education and psychology. This involves at least 40 hours a week of study, research, taking classes and giving them as well. Edelen was an immediate hit.

"Quite frankly, I was scared to death at the idea of training at high altitude," he says. "I thought I might die of a heart attack or something. But I did want to try it for a year, to get an idea of how tough it was and how necessary it is

if you hope to do well at Mexico City."

He found out soon enough. For the first three weeks he had nosebleeds, two or three every day. He attributes these to the dry climate as well as the high altitude. His pulse rate fell off immediately, from an already low rate of 40-to-44 beats a minute to 34-to-38. It climbed back to normal after four weeks. For the first three weeks he also found it impossible to run more than eight or nine miles without reaching a state of total, breathless exhaustion. In his sea-level days an eight- or nine-mile run, to Edelen, was hardly more than a warmup.

Only recently has Edelen been able to overcome one of the most painful symptoms of high-altitude running. "After a fast, high-pressure run I'd get cramps similar to those you get with dysentery," he says. "It felt as if my insides were being torn out."

The low supply of oxygen has had its most dramatic effect, however, on Edelen's all-out, timed workouts on the college cinder track. They seem to him like

ing place in slow motion. This is hitting Buddy Edelen where it hurts the most. "Would you like to hear about my two greatest training sessions?" he is likely to ask, peering hopefully at a companion through glittering hazel eyes. What he has to tell is not anything that happened recently at Alamosa, but how, back in England in 1962, after a three-mile warmup run, he once hashed out 20 quarter-mile sprints at an average of 62.5 seconds per quarter, recovering after each with nothing more restful than a quarter-mile jog in from two to 2½ minutes. This is a marathoner, mind you, not a miler. Or he will recount the time, also in England, when he churned out no less than 45 quarters at an average of 70.8 seconds each, jogging for only 60 seconds in between.

Edelen enjoys recalling these sessions of ineffable self-torture because, as the weeks go by in Alamosa, the memory of them takes on a dreamlike quality. In the world of thin air the lungs simply cannot supply the muscles with enough

Frank Murphy

oxygen to keep them going full blast through a long workout.

"It's like spinning your wheels," says Buddy. "For example, one night I decided to run 12 quarters by the clock at an average of about 66 seconds. I felt I could cope with that pace. I ran the first quarter hard, checked my watch and found it had taken 72 seconds! I was finally able to force myself to do a couple at 69 seconds, but it was absolutely the fastest I could possibly go."

For the first few months his exceptionally long training runs were affected in a slightly different way: impossible at any speed. Until the middle of May he found it extremely difficult to build up to a run of more than 20 miles. On a recent Sunday morning, running for part of the time with three members of the Adams State track team—Bob Henry, who is training for his first marathon, Rick Veladas and Tom Simmons—he covered 20.5 miles on the streets and highways in and around town, but it required two hours, 30 minutes. That is an average of 7:19 per mile. Only a year ago, in England, Edelen ran an official marathon of 26 miles, 385 yards in 2:14:34, an average of 5:08 per mile.

Some of Edelen's training difficulties can be attributed to the fact that for the last year he has been suffering from severe pains in the lower back. He is still able to work out early every morning and again in the afternoon, seven days a week, but his back hurts until he is thoroughly warmed up and then begins to hurt again when he is cooling down.

"When the alarm goes off at 6 a.m.," he says, "I know I've got to swing my feet out on the floor right away. If I don't I'll just lie there and talk myself into skipping the morning run."

Another reason for the lack of snap in Edelen's training times may be a daily schedule that would leave Hubert Humphrey limp. In addition to his 40-hour academic week Edelen does an apron and works 25 to 30 hours a week at the Annapolis Supermarket on Main Street, filling up the shelves and carrying out groceries for the customers. The salary he gets for this supplements the \$150 a month stipend he receives as a graduate assistant. Thus, as a student, teacher and grocery clerk Edelen has put in a 70-hour week before even lacing on his running shoes. What's left for relaxation and social life would make a monk rebel.

"I don't mind too much," he says,

"You'll find that there's one thing I don't like to do, and that's rest. I'd like to go out with girls again, but right now it's just as well I don't have the time. If I did I might get involved. If I got involved it would always be in the back of my mind: Is this cutting into my running? Then what would be the point of my going through all this?"

Competitively, Edelen's high-altitude training has not yet paid off. Until the first week in June he had raced nothing longer than 10,000 meters (6¼ miles). Running unattached or as a nonsponsoring unofficial member of the Adams State track team, he has beaten light opposition and set course records in various road and cross-country races in the mile-high Rocky Mountain area. In the big time he has fared less well. At the National AAU cross-country championship last fall in New York City (sea level) he finished 10th. At an indoor meet this winter in Toronto (elevation 245 feet) he finished sixth at three miles in a time of 14:30. At the National AAU indoor championships in Albuquerque (elevation 4,947 feet) he ran dead last in the three-mile and, though officially unclocked, did not break 15 minutes. In early June, in his only test longer than 10,000 meters—a 15.2-mile road race in Sioux Falls (elevation 1,400 feet)—Edelen finished second, clocking 1:20:10. His back pains were still with him, however, and he almost dropped out on a couple of occasions.

"I've been making good progress in the last few weeks," Edelen said recently, "but the hardest part of training at high altitude is what it does to your confidence. Mine sometimes goes altogether. My training times have been so slow, and I haven't had enough real competition to know where I stand. But for distance runners I think this kind of training will be essential. What confidence will an Olympic runner have going to Mexico City if he hasn't tried running at 7,000 feet? It is rubbish to think that a distance runner can acclimate himself to that altitude in two or three weeks. Two or three months is more like it, and if my experience is any indication that isn't long enough."

Edelen's first tour of duty in Alamosa will end in August, when he receives his Master's degree. He then hopes to obtain a teaching job in England but plans to return to Adams State again in the fall of 1967. "It's been a tough experience

so far," he says, "but I certainly don't regret it."

Nor does anyone else in Alamosa. Edelen is an active member of the pre-Olympic site promotion committee, which, thanks to a \$16,000 grant from the state legislature and complete cooperation from the college administration, is making rapid progress toward its goal. The U.S. Olympic Basketball Committee has recommended to the Olympic Planning and Development Committee that Alamosa be chosen as the basketball team's pre-Olympic training site. The college also has formal requests from Canadian Olympic wrestling officials and Polish Olympic track-and-field officials that their teams, too, be allowed to work out in Alamosa before pushing on to Mexico City.

"Buddy's done an awful lot for us," says Jack Cotton, the athletic director at Adams State and chairman of the Olympic site group. "He's not only living the experience of training here, but he's awfully interesting and persuasive talking about it."

The town of Alamosa had only slight difficulties acclimating itself to the sight of Edelen acclimating himself. He presented a droll picture on his early morning runs through town, barelegged, but clad in a red-knit hood and four layers of warmup jerseys.

"I'd see him go by at 6:30 in the morning when I stepped outside to take in the newspaper, even when it was 30° below," says Dr. Dale Lorimer, an education and psychology professor at the college. "Look at that crazy guy out there. After a while I stopped worrying. I figured there must be no blood in him, just all bones and tendons."

One of the students in the course Buddy teaches on general psychology, a blonde named Vicki Crow, had worries of a different nature. She had seen him through the window of her home in town as he circled by on one of his long Sunday runs.

"I saw you several times," she said to him later. "It seemed like you were out there running all day long! When do you have time to go to church?"

"Vicki," said Edelen, eager to reassure her and perhaps grateful for the chance to so neatly describe the painful experience of long-distance training at high altitude, "I was closer to God out there on those roads than most people get to Him in a lifetime."

END

Going on a vacation? Avoid the State of Confusion.



A little confusion over where to go on your vacation trip is one thing. But the confusion that surrounds buying the tires that'll get you there is another thing.

With "ply nonsense" to the north. "Tread pattern" to the south. "Miracle compounds" to the east. "Cord angles" to the west. Before you know it, you're going around in circles and you haven't even left your driveway.

In most tire stores you need a compass just to get from the front door to the salesman.

At B.F. Goodrich—the straight-talk tire people—all you need is a Tire Value Calculator... and you're on the road to the right tire at the right price.

No confusion. No compasses.

Wherever you go, start out on the right tires. It's a cinch if you let B.F. Goodrich be your guide.

**The straight-talk
tire people.**

B.F. Goodrich

WIND SHIRTS HIT THE BEACH

Not for the first time, a hot ski fashion has journeyed a long way from winter and a long way from the slopes and wound up on the world's seashores. This time the fashion is the nylon wind shirt. This summer wind shirts, such as the ones photographed here on Peru's Pacific coast, follow stretch pants and hooded parkas as a practical and stylish idea for the beach.

The wind shirt for skiers originated in 1961 with a U.S. firm named Beconia, one of the largest importers of ski gear in the country. "There just wasn't anything around that looked trim and would be warm enough on days when an insulated parka was too warm and a sweater over a turtleneck was not warm enough," says Beconia's Jim Woolner. "We came up with the idea for a light nylon shell styled like a shirt that could be worn under a sweater."

The shirts were quickly adopted by racing skiers, who wear them under their sweaters in competition when a parka is too confining. Young skiers the country over began to imitate the racers, and the next thing you knew wind shirts were as popular as Mosiarty caps and became the new status symbols of ski.

They are inexpensive (from \$4 to \$13), and now are made in many colors and in diverse styles by many leading skiwear firms. The shirts are ideal for those waterside moments when the breeze blows chill or when one wants to warm up after a swim. They also are popular for sailing, bicycling and riding in open cars. This summer, for the first time, they are in sports shops in abundance.

The season's newest wind shirts are photographed not only on the famous surfing beaches of Peru but—to dramatize their ski origins—on Peru's extraordinary coastal dunes (following page), where skiers slide down 420-foot slopes of sand on ash skis that are coated with paste wax.

—JULIE CAMPBELL

At sunset in the Pirenis (left) at Peru's Suanca Beach Club, Miguel Farga covers up in a nylon pullover wind shirt with button-down collar. Mary Frances Garza wears a coral waterproof shirt over a bikini.

For sand sledding on the dunes near Lima, Elio Fritz Strumbrink wears a blue pullover wind shirt with racing collar. Nylon shirt Absolut's custom-made orange nylon can be ordered in 63 other colors.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL PERUTE





SPORTING LOOK *(continued)*

Fernando Ochoa (second from left on opposite page), who founded the Club de Ski de Arema in 1939, holds the sand-ski speed record of 64 mph. His son Nando poses up as Natty Abascal, Dora Pardo Paredes, Carlo Ochoa and Elina wait to run down the Loma de Corvico dunes. Shirts and helmets protect them against blowing sand.

On the terrace at the Savana Club, Sonia Vizcarra (left) wears a light-blue button-down wind shirt. Mary Frances Garro's maroon-and-white-striped shirt is teamed with beige stretch-hip pants.



WHERE TO BUY

On page 44: Miguel Forga's wind shirt, imported by Iselin, comes in 16 colors. It is \$5 at Robin Hood's Barn, Edgartown, Mass.; Troll Corner, Warren, Vt. Mary Frances Garro's shirt is custom-made by Jules Andre, New York City; it is \$13. On the facing page: Elton Fritz Sewczyk's shirt, by Beconta, is \$8 at Hoigaard's, Minneapolis; Mammoth Mountain Sport Shop, Mammoth Mountain, Calif. Natty Abascal's shirt is also made by Jules Andre, it is \$13. The matching silk scarf is by Echo. On the following page: Nando Ochoa Jr. wears a wind shirt with zippered turtle-neck. It is \$4 by Beconta, at Hickory & Tweed,

Armonk, N.Y. Fernando Ochoa's shirt has a button-down collar. By Beconta, it is \$5 at Aspen Leaf, Denver; Marisa Sea and Ski, San Francisco. Natty Abascal's orange shirt and cap are by White Stag. The shirt is \$7, the cap \$3. Dora Pardo Paredes is wearing a shirt by Iselin. It is \$5 at Wilmington Country Store, Greenville, Del. The animal-framed ski glasses are by Eugene. On this page: Sonia Vizcarra wears a shirt by Beconta. It is \$5 at King Keyser, Hinsdale, Ill. Mary Frances Garro's striped shirt and stretch pants are by White Stag. The shirt is \$9 at Lord & Taylor, New York City. The wheat-colored jeans are by Levi Strauss.

They were all just sort of over at Arizona's Lake Havasu for water skiing when somebody said, "Here," to **Elke Sommer**, handed her a fishing rod—making sure she had hold of the right end, etc.—and dared her to cast the line. No sooner said than a largemouth bass clamped its greedy teeth around it, to be followed, in quick succession, by four more—all of them going a couple of pounds or better (below). Where, exactly, wondered Miss Sommer, wearying of the new game, is the sport?

Everybody in society, from the tycoon to the man on the lowest rung, pays attention to the athlete, says **Tommy Hawkins** of the Cincinnati Royals. In fact, he adds, "when the normal channels of communication with the youth of less-privileged areas have been closed, the kids will still listen to us." Thus assured, Hawkins has organized in Los Angeles, his home town, a social service group called *Athletes for a Better America*, and the first board of directors includes the likes of Jerry West of the Lakers, Willie Davis of the Dodgers and Roosevelt Grier of

the Rams. Some 40 other athletes have agreed to donate two hours each week to appear at playgrounds and recreation centers in support of the ABA's program. "You can read studies and reports about problem situations until the mind boggles," said Hawkins, "but until we achieve face-to-face communication we are, at best, only long-distance observers."

Down on the farm in Gettysburg, **Deight David Eisenhower**, approaching his 50th wedding anniversary, asked that all presents be sent to Eisenhower College, now abuilding at Seneca Falls, N.Y. All, that is, except an honorary membership in the pastoral Charnia Golf Club (St. Feb. 21) about nine miles over the hills and through the apple trees. Ike has not shot a round of golf since he returned to Pennsylvania from California two months ago, but now that his arthritis is on the ebb, he announced, "I may send up one of my electric carts and just keep it there."

Buying themselves a piece of an Indianapolis Offenbauer, Astronauts Gus Grissom and Gordon Cooper got their baptism by fire as the car burst into flames during a pit stop at the Atlanta International Raceway. "Tough luck," said Pitman Grissom, "but I still like it. Astronauts are sort of like race drivers." To the extent of climbing into the cockpit of a race car? "I haven't driven one, no, and I don't expect to," said Grissom. Cooper? "Never have, never will."

Blowing into a strange town, where's a man to look for the action? "I usually call up the local bridge club and join a game," said Actor Omar Sharif. "I spend all my evenings that way, rather than in a smoky nightclub." Feeling so keenly about a game that "probably kept me from becoming a degenerate," it's little wonder that Sharif and two associates (one of whom is Benito Garozzo, the

world's foremost tournament player) are making plans to open a bridge school in Los Angeles and, in addition, to establish a national touring all-star team. "Like Jack Kramer had with his professional tennis stars," As Sharif envisions it, he and European bridge experts will match themselves against blue ribbon teams selected to represent the host U.S. city or state. But frankly, says Omar, he all-stars will win consistently. That's because they will be using the Neapolitan Club bidding system, "which is better," he says, "than any system now being played in the U.S."

Rained in a foster home after losing her father in the Russian-Finnish war, a waitress in a Göteborg, Sweden hotel lamented to **Soury Lison** and **Geraldine** that because of family problems she had been forced to place her own child, Daniel, in an institution. Something of a cream puff when it comes to the plights of little children, iron-fisted Sonny suggested a solution: he would take the 2-year-old tot back with him to America and bring him up on an

informal guardianship basis. The mother agreed to the arrangement, but no sooner had Sonny happily carted off his prize to Stockholm (below) than a yowl of protest went up from everyone not concerned. The din was so loud that the Lisons reconsidered and the deal was off for now. "We were only trying to give Danny security," said Geraldine, shaken. "We never thought our offer would arouse so much outside criticism."

Since Chicago Capone man **Joseph Aiuppo** already had a pretty good reputation with a gun, federal agents in Kansas were not surprised to find 500 doves in his car when he and his wife returned from a 1962 hunting trip. They were merely linked that Mr. and Mrs. Aiuppo's bag exceeded the legal limit by 452. O.K., but how can the government prove they were doves, Aiuppo's lawyer argued the other day in Fort Scott, where the case was still being tried. They could, he suggested, just as well have been passenger pigeons. The jury, a trifle more up to date on natural history, found the defendant guilty.



The one thing no other life insurance company can offer your family...



...is a Mass Mutual agent.

There are, let's face it, a number of fine life insurance companies. Quite a few of them can offer you highly flexible policies. And, frankly, costs don't vary much from company to company.

But there is one big difference among life insurance companies—and that lies in the ability of their agents. They're the men who can help you to plan one of the most important programs you will ever undertake.

How do Mass Mutual men measure up? Here are the solid facts on Mass Mutual agents compared with the industry average. Four times as many have achieved the Chartered Life Underwriter designation. Five times as many have earned the National Quality Award. Nine times as many are members of the Million Dollar Round Table.

The record shows that Mass Mutual men are an elite corps of

skilled professionals. Aren't these the kind of men you would like to talk with about your family's future, your children's schooling, your own retirement—or your company's business life insurance needs?

Remember, the superior ability of the Mass Mutual man costs you no more. In fact, it may well save you money.

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Springfield, Massachusetts organized 1851





Manolo is king, and a King is queen

At Wimbledon last week Spain's Manuel Santana and Billie Jean King of California (left) won the singles championships for the first time

Billie Jean King was leaving the court at Wimbledon last week when someone approached her and asked, "Please, Miss Smith, may I have your autograph?" Responded Billie Jean: "Miss Smith? I'm not Smith, I'm King." A few days later Billie Jean proved that she is not only a King but a queen, beating those two former monarchs of ladies' tennis, Margaret Smith and Maria Bueno, in succession to become Wimbledon champion.

The autograph-seeker must have been just in from the country, because the pert, bespectacled Billie Jean has been a familiar face around Wimbledon ever since 1962 when, as Billie Jean Moffitt—or "Jillie Bean"—she gained instant fame by upsetting the top-seeded Miss Smith in the first round. A year later she made it all the way to the finals, where Miss Smith got her revenge. Since then Billie Jean has been, more or less, the leading woman player in the U.S.—ranked at or near the top, a valued member of the Wightman and Federation cup teams—a bouncy little girl who lacks Margaret Smith's power and Ma-

ria Bueno's grace but is second to no one as a scrambler and a fighter.

At Wimbledon this year prospects for a Billie Jean victory seemed reasonably good, not only because Wimbledon tends to bring out the best in her but also because both Miss Smith and Miss Bueno, who between them had won five Wimbledon singles titles, were both recovering from injuries. Margaret had hurt her wrist earlier in the year and missed the Federation Cup matches (the female counterpart of the Davis Cup). Maria was having trouble with the cartilage of her left knee.

But at Wimbledon, Miss Smith and Miss Bueno went galloping through early opponents without any signs of ailments or rustiness, winning sets by scores of 6-0 and 6-2 and only occasionally 6-4. Billie Jean, on the other hand, had trouble from the start. Playing a teen-ager named Winnie Shaw in the first round, she won the first set handily but found herself behind 2-5 in the second. Bracing, Mrs. King won 3-6. In the fourth round, against Kathy Krantzke, a large girl from Australia, she was be-

hind 2-5 in the first set and in fact had a set point against her. Again she steadied to win 9-7, 6-2.

But Billie Jean's worst moment of the tournament came in the quarter-finals, against Annette Van Zyl of South Africa. She lost the first set 1-6 but won the second 6-2 and seemed to be on her way. Not quite. Miss Van Zyl took a 3-0 lead in the deciding set before Billie Jean, switching from an attacking to a lobbing game, caught up and won the set 6-4.

Curiously, she had comparatively little trouble against the two former champions. She tossed off Margaret Smith 6-3, 6-3—"Simple," she said, "Just clip the ball back at her feet!"—then beat Maria Bueno 6-3, 3-6, 6-1, looking much the better player, even in her losing set. With that, the 22-year-old Mrs. King stepped forward to receive her trophy and be recognized—presumably by everyone, including the autograph-seeker.

During the early part of the tournament it seemed that there could be only one winner in the men's division—Roy Emerson, Wimbledon champion in 1964 and 1965. During the past year Emerson

continued



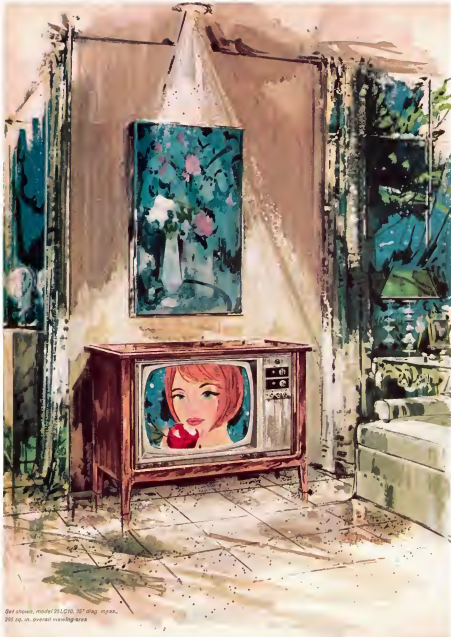
HEINEKEN

All the finer inns serve it. It's been that way for 374 years.

The great beer from the diligent Dutch is pampered with specially chosen hops and malt...slow-brewing in gleaming copper vessels...three long months of aging and 374 years of Dutch skill. It's quite a bit of trouble, we know. But that's how we get great beer once every batch. You can get it in bottles or on draft. Imported goblets, 14-K gold edging, set of 6, \$4.50. Remit S.M.D. Co., P.O. Box 1580, N.Y.C. 10017.

IMPORTED HEINEKEN...HOLLAND'S PROUD BREW





Set shown, model 251Q10, 25" diag. approx.
295 sq. in. overall viewing area

When everyone has a color television, this one may well be the classic set.

Here's why we think so. Deep in the heart of almost every American company beats a desire to create a classic product...one that becomes the standard by which all others are measured. We think we have done it, but you and time will be the judges.

Already, many owners, dealers and independent experts have told us that Sylvania makes the finest-performing color television on the market. There are good reasons why this should be so. For instance, the rare-earth Europium color phosphor that produces the picture was developed in our laboratories. It is so much brighter and truer than every other tube manufacturer now uses Europium, too. But, because we have a special way of air-spinning it onto the glass, our picture is still brighter, visibly better than others.

We go much farther. We make our own electron gun

and its beams are directed through 432,000 incredibly precise holes in a shadow mask to the face of the tube. We make the shadow mask, too, and many of the other critical quality components. Make them so well, in fact, that every one of America's 24 television manufacturers buys some Sylvania tubes or parts for use in their sets.

But we use all of them.

That way, we're sure you'll be as proud to own Sylvania color television as we are to build it.

SYLVANIA
SUBSIDIARY OF
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS **GTE**

I'm interested in stocks... what do I care if Bache is a major underwriter of Municipal and Corporate Bonds?

Bonds are more than just a source of income.

They can also be indicators of where an economic upturn is likely to develop, and what industries stand to profit by it.

Because Bache deals in so many areas of finance, including bonds, we can bring together a broad scope of information from the entire investment range. We analyze this data in depth, and apply *The Bache Perspective* to help give you a clear understanding of what is happening in your particular area of investment.

Why not talk over your objectives with one of our Branch Managers? (We have offices in major cities in the U.S., Canada and abroad.)

Bache & Co.

INCORPORATED

Member: All Major Stock
and Commodity Exchanges
Founded 1879



had played spottily, losing to people he had barely heard of. But at Wimbledon his game was again at its peak, and during the opening rounds he toyed with his opponents. Then came the accident that made it anybody's tournament.

Emerson was playing a fellow Australian, Owen Davidson, in the quarter-finals and was handing them with the cool efficiency usually displayed by bank clerks counting bills. The first set passed, flick! flick! flick! 6-1. Then early in the second set Emerson dashed in for a drop volley and slipped on the wet grass, skidded 15 feet, crashed into the umpire's chair and brought the microphone down on himself.

When Emerson arose he continued playing, but there was, said Davidson, "a look of pain on his face." For the rest of the match Emerson was unable to throw the ball up properly for his service. Strained ligaments were diagnosed in his shoulder, and Davidson, the most self-effacing of players, won a victory that he would rightly take no credit for.

Emerson's unfortunate injury gave everyone a chance. Spain's Manuel Santana looked like the new favorite, but there were also Cliff Drysdale of South Africa, who lost to Santana in the finals at Forest Hills last year, and young Tony Roche of Australia, whose injured ankle was getting stronger with every match. Lastly, there was Dennis Ralston, winner of no major tournaments, semifinalist at Wimbledon and Forest Hills last year, perennial close-but-not-quite. And yet, and yet....

Santana experienced his first major problem in the quarter-finals, when Ken Fletcher, an Australian expatriate now living in Hong Kong, took him to five sets and needed only to hold serve to win. But with a flurry of perfectly executed drop shots and backhand lobs the Spaniard won three straight games for the match.

Santana's next adventure came in the semifinals, when he met Davidson. Interviewed on radio before the match and asked, "Just who is Owen Davidson?" the powerful Australian promptly responded, "Certainly nobody special."

Surprise, because again Santana was taken to five sets by a man who later described his efforts as "the best competitive tennis of my life." The final set sent so powerful a current of excitement around the center court that it could have lit all the lights in Piccadilly Cir-

eus. Just when Manolo seemed to have the match wrapped up at 5-1 Davidson, with nothing to lose, started swinging and connecting. He brought the match to 4-5, but fell behind 40-love with Santana serving. Incredibly, Davidson won five straight points to make it 5-5. Then, having already scaled the heights, he fell away quickly 7-5. Thus Santana became the first Spaniard since the '20s to reach the finals at Wimbledon. And who was there to meet him? Ah, of course, Dennis Ralston.

This was the year that the 23-year-old (yes, only 23) hoped to win the world's most coveted tennis title. All winter he had worked on his suspect service. He had traveled to Europe in April to prepare himself, and even when he lost to the U.S.S.R.'s Alexander Metreveli in the French championships he was not discouraged, confiding to a friend, "I'm going to win at Wimbledon this year." Ralston's defeat of Santana in the championships at Queen's Club in London just prior to Wimbledon seemed to suggest that he might be right, although Santana—probably the world's best clay-court player—had only just begun to adapt to grass.

Most important, Dennis seemed com-

posed, his famous temperament kept in check throughout. The presence of his pretty blonde wife, Linda, and the responsibility of being a new father with a 3-month-old daughter apparently helped to keep anger at bay. "I still get just as mad," explained Ralston, "but my wife and daughter have made me realize that there are other things, and I look at tennis differently."

Ralston's path to the final was workmanlike but not calculated to lift the spectators from their seats. Usually grim-faced, he ticked off the victories one by one. Metreveli, his conqueror in Paris, fell in the second round. Then came Diepstra of South Africa, Darmon of France, Hewitt of Australia and, in the semifinals, Drysdale, who beat Ralston at Forest Hills last year. One more victory and Ralston would at last wear the crown for which he had so long seemed destined. But no—Santana would not allow it. Although Ralston served nine double faults, the match was not decided by his mistakes. It was purely that Santana, playing within himself and moving faster around the court, had other stops to pull out when they were needed. Ralston did not have this reserve, or at least could not find it when his chances occurred.

In the first set he had Santana at 15-40 and 3-4. "It's a funny thing," Ralston commented later, as if he could not believe it himself. "If I'd won one of those two points I would have had a real chance." Instead, Santana started to serve better than Ralston had believed possible, catching his opponent and saving his services. He went on to secure the set, causing the crowd, which was eager for his victory, to hold its breath only twice more. The first time was when Ralston led 4-1 in the second set, the second when Santana twisted his back. But he suffered only momentary discomfort and went on to win 6-4, 11-9, 6-4.

For Manolo Santana, who had started his tennis career as a ballboy in a private club, the victory was all the world. He blew an ecstatic kiss to his raven-haired wife, Maria, in the stands, and when Princess Marina presented him with the cup he bent over and kissed her hand. The first Spaniard ever to win the Wimbledon men's singles title, he was greeted later by Princess Margaret with the words, "My baww."

Si, muy bueno for Manolo, and nice going for Billie Jean, too.



SANTANA PROVED HE CAN PLAY ON GRASS

Space Age



Yashica Electro 35

It's a revolution in film photography! A practically indestructible transistorized shutter gives you literally perfect exposure, even at night, and indoors. You just sight and shoot for the most glorious color and black and white pictures, snap after snap. Under \$190, plus case.

YASHICA

YASHICA INC. 50-11 BUREAU BLVD. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018

In Des Moines, dropouts are dropping in, because Negroes and whites are fighting delinquency... instead of each other.

When both races are willing to meet and work on their problems together, change can be achieved without incident.

They're doing it in Des Moines, thru an official Commission on Human Rights. There, Negroes and whites are working with dropouts, training them for essential jobs. Industry approves and is cooperating wholeheartedly.

It can work for you. Formal talk among members of all races in your community, thru a Human Relations Commission, can start solving problems of education, equal jobs, and delinquency. To find out how to set up a Commission, or how an existing one can be more effective, write for the Community Relations Service booklet, "How To Turn Talk Into Action." Address: ACTION, Washington, D.C. 20537.

**Face the problem, face to face
Talk, plan, act.**



FISHING / *Duncan Barnes*

New angle for an old sport

Hooked by esthetics as well as thrills, ardent saltwater fishermen are abandoning conventional tackle to challenge game fish with fly rods

Aside from the incidental joys of the sport—the smells of a salt marsh in an early-morning mist, the freshness of an onshore breeze—the saltwater fisherman's addiction is justified by catching fish. There is, however, an exception: the saltwater fisherman who uses a fly rod despite his awareness that spinning tackle is easier to master and produces more fish. On the grassy flats of Barnegat Bay in New Jersey these single-minded and ardent enthusiasts are catching striped bass on long, multi-winged streamers and bucktails that resemble small baitfish. In the shallows of San Francisco Bay fly-casters are taking stripers on deer-hair bugs that resemble nothing that swims or flies. They are members of a rapidly growing cult of fishermen who have discovered the pleasure of taking whatever they catch—one-pound snapper bluefish, tarpon over 100 pounds or striped marlin—on saltwater fly tackle. And they will tell you that even if they catch nothing they are doing it right.

They like to think of themselves as—well—pursists. No saltwater fly-caster ever catches as many fish—or such large ones—as do anglers who use conventional tackle. Wind is a constant problem, and even on rare windless days the fly-caster has to work twice as hard to cover half as much water as the spincaster. Fly lines have a way of tangling around anything and everything—outboards, gas tanks, barnacle-encrusted rocks, seaweed and marsh grass. A sudden gust of wind can collapse a cast, and unless the angler has learned to duck instinctively he may get the fly in the back of his head. It is worthwhile learning to duck.

Fly-fishing in salt water is not a new idea. By the turn of the century anglers were using cane salmon rods and flies to catch stripers and shad in coastal waters. By the 1930s a few pioneers had graduated to small tarpon, snook, sea trout

and even bonefish. In 1948 in Coos Bay in southern Oregon a famed Virginia fisherman named Joe Brooks took a 29-pound 6-ounce striped bass on a popping bug. Fly-fishermen ever since have been trying to top this record. Last week one finally did: Russell Chatham, a commercial artist from Black Point, Calif., using a homemade six-inch-long double-hook brown-and-black fly he calls the Black Phantom, caught a 36-pound 6-ounce striper in San Francisco Bay.

The current boom in saltwater fly-fishing, however, is due primarily to the recent development of fly tackle refined for saltwater use, tackle that has removed the sport from the domain of the expert. The fisherman needs a powerful but flexible medium-action rod between 8½ and 9½ feet to drive out his big, wind-resistant flies. The average saltwater fly rod weighs 5 to 7½ ounces. It has, however, some special features: outside stripping guides for shooting line, an extension butt below the reel seat for extra leverage when playing big fish, and a rust-resistant reel seat and ferrule. Big saltwater fish are played directly from the reel, and reels carrying fly line and up to 400 yards of backing have been perfected.

To bring out the action in the big rods, line manufacturers have come up with weight-forward saltwater taper lines. Basically they are the old torpedo-head lines, with the thick, heavy belly section moved to within 20 or 25 feet of the fly to enable the angler to drive out longer casts with a minimum of effort. Leaders that taper down from heavy butt sections to tippets of 12-pound-test or less (to which heavy shock tippets are tied) make it possible to turn over bulky flies even on a windy day.

So equipped, these pursists of saltwater sport feel they have added a new dimension to fishing. "With heavy tackle, I felt like I was using a windlass to crank a fish in," says Fred Claudio, a San Fran-

disco authority. "With the fly rod I have more feel. The sensation in the fingers of the left hand as the line is drawn out is instant and delicate. It is more difficult you have to let the fish run. But it just gives me a bigger kick."

And some enthusiasts do not need the fly-fishing mystique to account for the appeal of the sport. "Purists, my foot," says Cap Colvin, a New Jersey expert with the fly rod who runs a bait and tackle shop a good cast from Barnegat Bay. "We look down our noses at guys who heave treblehooks or clam sandwiches around. But we're not so pure ourselves. When we can't find stripers or bluefish schooled up and feeding actively, we use spinning rods to locate the fish. Then we break out the hero rods. It's a lot easier than flailing away blindly all day, and it can save you a bad case of fly-rod elbow."

Fly-casters who stalk tarpon in the Florida Keys do not worry about fly-rod elbow. Their sport is quick and precise spot casting. But the sight of a school of

big tarpon trying to shoulder one another out of the way in order to be the first to reach a bright streamer darting through the water may so paralyze a fly-caster that he will simply forget about leaning back and striking the fish. If casting to tarpon is too nerve-racking, fly-fishermen can head offshore for school tuna, albacore, mackerel and other pelagic fish that can be caught on flies. When hooked, most ocean game fish sound and fight down deep. Fly-casters who get their kicks from jumping fish concentrate on the dolphin. When a dolphin is not flinging itself out of the water its powerful, head-shaking runs are usually near the surface and it sounds only as a last desperate measure. Dolphin like to hang around under bits of flotsam, and they are suckers for a bucktail fly skipped along the top.

The ultimate fly-rod trophy is a sailfish or a marlin, and in such a contest even the most skilled angler needs an expert boat captain, a nubile mate and a considerable measure of luck. To raise

a bill fish, a hookless teaser plug or strip bait is trolled in the boat's wake. If a fish shows, the mate jigs the teaser until the fish is thoroughly excited. Then the teaser is quickly hauled in and the angler makes his cast. Not surprisingly, fly-fishermen have managed to subdue few bill fish. The late Dr. Webster Robinson of Key West, Fla. was one of the first. He managed to boat a 145-pound striped marlin on a 12-pound-test leader after a three-hour battle in Baja California waters three years ago.

Anglers who have always considered any form of light-tackle fishing un sporting argue that the long, resilient fly rod exerts greater pressure on a fish than is possible with any other tackle. Fly-fishermen, naturally, say just the opposite is true. It is doubtful if that argument will ever be resolved, even in a laboratory. But fly-casters really believe they have found a new enjoyment in salt water to be added to the scent of the tidal stream, the cries of the sea birds and the fresh salt air.

END



Old Spice —with that clean, crisp, masculine aroma!

CUTTY SARK



Americans buy more Cutty Sark than any other Scotch whisky. The reason it's No.1 is in the bottle. Try Cutty Sark...tonight!

Distilled and Bottled in Scotland—Blended 46 Proof—The Buckingham Corporation, Importers—New York, N.Y.

GOLF PARALYSIS

Continued from page 35

reason is money. "Ten years ago the tour purses totaled \$900,000. Now Arnold Palmer grosses only a little less than that in a year. The thought is enough to make any man pause over a putt."

Two changes in the rules also added to playing time. In 1957 the PGA began allowing pros to repair ball marks on greens and to clean the ball as many times as they liked once they reached the putting surface. Before that time the pros had to putt across greens that by the end of a day were as dimpled as a Dunlop. Only under certain conditions, a Fort Worth flood, say, or a Pensacola hurricane, were they allowed to clean their golf balls before putting. When the new rules went into effect, the pros began taking longer on the greens.

"Now they worry about a grass stain on a ball," says Joe Dey, "and they mark balls to aim the trademark in a certain direction." Since the rule change, a pro will place his ball with the signature on line with the hole. By watching it after he has struck the putt, he can tell if the ball had any spin on it. After Palmer published a newspaper golf tip to this effect, one pro says, the amateurs around his club began marking on every putt and carefully aiming the brand names.

Such imitation of the pros is the fundamental cause for the slowdown in amateur golf. Lack of caddies, unknowledgeable players, more leisure time to spend on a course and the increased use of hand carts (power carts, by the way, do not speed up play) are all factors, but the big one is trying to act like a million-dollar winner. George Bayer, who runs a club near Lake Tahoe when he is not out on the tour himself, says, "The pros set a strong example in tournaments and on television. I have one member who likes to be Dow Finsterwald and another who thinks he is Gardner Dickinson. I watch an amateur walk halfway to a green and I wonder if he knows what he is seeing. Pros have their measurements and can tell yardage from landmarks, but amateurs don't. They just waste time." Other amateurs use the slow plumb-bob putting method, without knowing a plumb from Bob. Most dither over club selection because they have seen Nicklaus do it, never mind that Nicklaus is thinking of six things, five of which the amateur doesn't know.

Jerre Todd, who does public relations for the Colonial National Invitation tournament, has an easy gauge of the

effect of the pros on the duffer. "After our tournament," he says, "there is a slowdown at all Fort Worth courses for about a month. Then things return to normal." That is, normally slow.

It is generally agreed that most of the time wasted on golf, both amateur and pro, is lost on the greens, and it is not just coincidental that this is the part of the game that the TV cameras stress.

Teen-age and college play has been seriously affected by the wonderful world of TV golf. Rounds in state junior events now average over five hours. Last year when 21-year-old Marty Fleckman won the national collegiate golf title, he played so slowly that he finished five holes behind the group in front of him. Last week at the Philadelphia Junior tournament a notice on the first tee read, "You are not on television."

The paradox is that, amid the efforts to return golf to the pace at which it was played for decades, it still must be remembered that the game is not a foot race. Golf is fresh air and companionship and leisure, as well as competition. Repeatedly country-club pros point out that their members have more time for golf today and therefore are inclined to prolong their rounds.

Jackie Burke, who with Jimmy Demaret operates the 36-hole Champions club in Houston, deprecates slow play but adds a meaningful reminder: "The pace of living is so fast today that a golf course is one of the last places to watch a squirrel climb a tree. You deprive a golfer of the sight, sound and smell of the outdoors if you send him rushing through a round. There should be socializing and companionship involved. I recall Walter Hagen's words: 'You better smell some of the flowers on the way through.'"

So, in a sense, any amateur speed-up has to be voluntary. Surely, this is one reason the USGA moved in on the pros—the pace-setters—at the Open.

Philip Strubing, a lawyer in Philadelphia and USGA vice-president, is the man who suggested the four-hour maximum at the Open. "Several golfers told me that our insistence on speedier play would hamper their games," Strubing said last week. "I told them that any pro who dawdles over a shot is playing right into the hands of golfers like Arnold Palmer and Billy Casper. Both of these men are fine examples of how golf should be played. They look at their

shots and then swing. The first look is usually the best, and they know it."

Joe Dey points out that slow play eventually destroys concentration. "I do not believe," Dey says, "that anyone can concentrate constantly for five hours. But great golfers have to be great concentrators. Nicklaus has no idea how long he is actually taking over a putt. I remember when he was 20, playing the final hole in the World Amateur at Merion. He had a 20-foot putt, and as he stood over it the wind blew his cap off. But he kept on putting. I don't think he realized what had happened."

All pros agree that undue slowness ruins concentration, and most of them like the new putting rules that the USGA enforced at the Open: each player putts continuously until he holes out, and a ball can be lifted and cleaned only once. Rounds at Olympic averaged 57 minutes less than at Bellevere in the 1965 Open. Of course, the USGA "police-men" helped, too.

It may or may not ever be possible to get the country's 8,000 golf courses to adopt and enforce the two new rules. Meanwhile, local pros who have resented filling in their sand traps and paving their roughs are struggling with some other ingenious ideas. At one West Coast course, fivesomes (once a sacrilege, fivesomes have been found to play nearly as fast as foursomes) are encouraged, and it is suggested that the first member of the group to hole out move on to the next tee and hit his drive while the others finish putting. The honor is ignored.

At the Brown Deer course in Milwaukee a system has been tried whereby the player nearest the hole putts first. In the meantime golfers with longer putts line them up. At Washoe Country Club in Reno the pro insists on fivesomes, and even sixsomes, during peak hours, and players may not stop at the clubhouse for refreshments during a round.

But perhaps the simplest step is the one taken by the Michigan PGA, which has decreed that all rounds in its tournaments must be completed in less than four hours. Last Thursday, faced with two-stroke penalties, 86 pros in a Michigan tournament finished in an average of three hours and a half.

It has to be hoped that the weekend golfers will now mimic that. Three and a half hours is still slow, of course, by St. Andrews' standards. But you've got to have time to smell the flowers. **END**

Your drives: hit confidently



You've got enough to think about on the tee without worrying about your golf ball. With Titleist you can try any shot you dare — confidently.

Cut the corner, take the short way home if you feel strong enough. Titleist won't let you down. Every Titleist performs like every other: no "rocks," no "duds." Each Titleist Golf Ball gives maximum response.

No other ball can claim more — or near as much, for that matter.

Play precision-made Titleist, the ball that more professionals and top amateurs have relied on than any other — for seventeen straight years.



ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS

Sold through golf course pro shops only



BABES IN THE



WOODS

In the first girls' Outward Bound program in this hemisphere, a game group of teen-agers and a game nonteen-age Sparts Illustrated writer take on some fierce wilderness hazards—from tippy ladders to frog legs that are caught on the hop

• BY BARBARA LA FONTAINE

To kill frogs," Jerry Cox said, in an even, gentle voice, "you just sneak up on them with a stick and club them. Don't hit them too hard, or you'll squash them. All the moss up here is edible. Some of it you may want to boil once and pour the water off and boil it again—it's pretty acid. If you want to kill a turtle, hang it up by one leg. When it relaxes, cut the leg off and do the same with the other three."

Two dozen girls, most of them 16 years old, sat on damp rocks in the Minnesota woods and listened attentively.

"With snakes," Cox went on, "you cut off the head and skin them, but unless it is a good-sized snake it isn't really worth it."

"What if we catch a moose?" one of the girls asked frivolously and, less frivolously, "What about bears?"

"You can always gouge out a bear's eyes," another girl said confidently.

I sat on my rock, listening, trying to visualize myself doing those things to a turtle. I was not 16. I was 34 and squeamish, 34 and a little stiff in the joints from the project I was too far into now to get out of. These girls—and I—were preparing to plunge into the Quetico-Superior wilderness area north and south of the Canadian border for 16 days, paddling our own canoes, carrying our own packs and spending three of the 16 days alone, without food,

tent, sleeping bag or company. The girls were embarked on the first girls' Outward Bound course in this hemisphere, and the idea was not to have fun in the woods but to test themselves in unfamiliar and demanding circumstances. By way of preparation they had spent five days rising at 6 to run, swim, climb vertical rock faces, maneuver on ropes 15 feet above the ground, negotiate obstacle courses, use axes and practice carrying canoes. They were, as they listened to Cox, cheerful bruised lumps.

Since it had seemed presumptuous of me to try to guess at the particular alchemy by which these activities and 16 days in the wilderness were to engender character and maturity in a group of teen-agers, I had committed myself to the whole undertaking, rock faces, rope course and all, including what would be, for some of us, the real test—the three days alone. I was not exactly savoring the challenge.

Cox's lecture came in the second half of a two-day shake-down cruise, 24 hours of which the girls would spend in pairs and I, an outsider, would spend alone. The day before we had paddled up the Keweenaw River in the rain and spent the night in tents. This second night we were to spend without the tents, and virtually without food, unless we caught or found it. My squeamishness, I thought, clearly was going to be a liability.

Nevertheless, by the time the instructors had scattered us all around the lake, out of sight of one another, and left us, I was game. I looked around, eager to begin for myself all the woodsy business we had been practicing back at the Outward Bound camp.

It is fascinating—afterward—to look at your own behavior in such a solitary circumstance. Every move that you make is revealing, revealing you either as you have always known you were or not as you guessed you were at all. At my age, I suppose, there was not much hope of surprise; I behaved, I realized later, just as I should have expected, and I look back on the proceedings with the sort of regretful tolerance with which I remember my first date.

I did, sensibly, first hang my raincoat neatly on a tree and then line up my survival can (a No. 2½ tin containing fishhooks, line, matches, salt and some rice) and my mosquito repellent and extra sweat shirt on a rock. And I did look around to see what might do for a shelter. I decided at once on two trees with forks facing each other at equal heights: I would lay a stick between them and lean sticks on the crossbar. It was the wrong decision, but at least so far I was proceeding tidily.

Then, true to form, I began doing everything at once. I dumped the contents of my survival can on the rock and, knife and can in hand, I plunged into the woods to search simultaneously for firewood, for shelter sticks, for berries and for dead birchbark, keeping my eyes open for anything unexpected that might be useful. Of course, I found firewood, shelter sticks, berries and dead birchbark, all at once, on every trip and, unable to pass up any of it, I tottered

continued



A long, long way from the country club, Sandy Chenoweth sits grass and soggy under a tree in the woods outside Ely, Minnesota.



You can telephone all over the world

Today you can reach 96.8 percent of the phones in the world by Long Distance. You can ask questions, get the answers...quickly and conveniently. And the cost is low. For only \$12, plus tax, for the first three minutes, you can call almost anywhere in the world. Even lower rates are in effect to many countries. And reduced night and Sunday rates apply to many areas. When you want to keep in touch with anyone—telephone. It's the next best thing to being there.

AT&T  **Bell System**
American Telephone & Telegraph
and Associated Companies



**What kind
of man uses
Vaseline Hair Tonic?**



He spots a girl in trouble.



But the other boat may not. Can't chance it.



No time to cut them off.



He aims his boat straight at the girl's head.



The other boat veers off at the last second. Did they see her?



No. They were cutting off to avoid his boat.



Some men can act as fast as they think.



**The man who knows how to take care of himself
uses Vaseline® Hair Tonic.**



back and forth with burdens of perhaps six berries in the can, one straight stick, two chunks of firewood and some birchbark stuffed into my shirt. The can, I finally realized, was in the way, so I put that down, planning to carry any berries in my shirt pocket; but otherwise I fumbled around in the woods in this way for several hours. At the end of that time I did not have enough firewood, I did not have a shelter, I did not have enough birchbark to cover the shelter if I had had one and I had about 24 blueberries, all but three of them well past their prime.

The shelter I was evolving, I saw, was going to take about 13 years to complete, according to the plan I had chosen. The forks of the trees were so high off the ground and the leaning sticks so short that the thing was quite uselessly narrow and at the same time presented a huge area to be covered over. I had leaned sticks up and down and tied sticks across with reeds and had woven small branches into the frame and leaves and moss into the small branches. It was charming, with the late sun shining through it, but it looked like the work of a large and incompetent bowerbird, not of a rational human being engaged in surviving. I sat

down and looked at the mess and tried to decide what had to be completed before it got dark.

The answer, of course, was everything, and the darkness which I had hardly considered was suddenly something to be appreciated for what it was—a time when there are things you cannot do. I realized that I should have set my fishline, so as to be catching fish all the time I was stumbling around in the woods, and I rushed to the rock where I had poured out the contents of my survival can. Fortunately I found the hooks and the line and the matches.

I looked around for bait and had decided that one of the blueberries was going to have to do when I saw, in a pool in the rock, an inch-long frog. I put down the hook and the line and crept up on it. About the 12th time I grabbed at him he failed to hop through my fingers, and I held him for a moment in my cupped hands before I acknowledged to myself that I had to let him go, that I couldn't thrust a hook through the loose skin of his back and set him out to struggle in the lake. I opened my hand. The perfect small frog sat there, his tiny belly a single nervous pulse. He would not jump. I pushed him with my fit-

continued



Pai Giebak washes dishes in the Kawishani River in the rain. Next she will have to cope with putting up a net tent on the wet ground under a lot of dripping wet trees.

ger back into his pool, where he crouched, unmoving. I went off to get a blueberry for my fishhook, tied the line to a log and threw out the hook (it is not easy to cast a blueberry) and looked into the pool on my way back to my shelter. The frog had not moved. I knelt down and tickled him. He trembled but did not stir. I took out my knife and held it by him in the water—he looked and hopped onto the blade. It made me feel very queer. My frog seemed to have turned suicidal, electing to become bait just about the time I had decided to let him go. I put him back in his pool where he stayed, I know, until dark.

In the early evening I gave up on my shelter and collected firewood. As the sun went down I built and lit a fire—with one match, the Outward Bound instructors do good work—and boiled a handful of rice in my survival can. The taste was tinny and unpleasant. I could not eat it and poured it into the Kanishwi to feed the fish, which were obviously not coming to feed me, and went back to sit on a rock in the twilight. The twilight turned to dark while I sat there trying conscientiously to feel something important. After all, this endeavor was supposed to be, ultimately, an exercise of the spirit, and I did honestly happen to believe that city life was enervating, that one was cut off by rush and struggle from the sustaining natural world.

Now here I was, sitting alone by a fire, listening to the looms crying over the water, smack dab in the middle of the sustaining natural world. I watched the moon rise and tried to think a noble thought. Nothing. I have sat by lakes in the dark before and liked it, and I liked it now, but I did not feel a oneness with nature, or close to the beating heart of the wilderness, or anything, so finally I put out the fire and retired to my shelter.

My shelter turned out, in addition to everything else, to have been set up on rocks. I could only lay my head under my bower and stretch the rest of me straight outside, not that it made any difference. That bower was not going to provide either warmth or protection from rain.

When one is sleeping on the ground, the cold deepens as night wears on. I have felt it before, and always, as I have sunk toward at least a doze, the temperature has sunk as well and the advancing cold remained just enough ahead to keep me conscious and miserable. I lay there, hearing crackles in the underbrush, which were surely bears, and freezing, until it occurred to me to drag up the warm rocks from the dead fire and arrange them along each side of me. I hauled down the basketwork of my shelter and pulled it up like a blanket, stuck my notebook over a cold spot on my left thigh, put my legs into the arms of my sweat shirt and gave up. I slept peacefully for 40 minutes.

The next day the girls proved to have made out better than I had. Cathi Crowson and Devvie Booth greeted everybody with, "We had a moose. What did you have?" Joan Thames and Betty Kilanowski had had a snake. "We just

hit it with a rock and cut off its head and ate it," Joan said, "and we put its insides in a jar we found. This isn't all there was inside," she added, holding up the jar, "it's just all we could squash in." Joan had slept so well that her snoring had kept Betty awake. Sandy Chenoweth and Darcy Brown had killed a frog in Sandy's hat. "First Darcy clubbed it," Sandy said, "but we opened the hat and there it was, looking at us, so I stabbed it to death with my knife. But I sat up all night by the fire, on a log with prickles on it," she concluded crossly.

Back in the Outward Bound homeplace, as it is called, the final days of training before the trip into Canada were different. Before the short excursion the school's program had seemed to be arbitrary, irksome or just gratuitously exhausting; now we had some sense of its being pertinent. And besides, we were getting stronger.

Even I, a creaky runner indeed, managed to cut minutes off my time on the obstacle course. Though I slipped from my rock face and swung in the ropes, scraping across a considerable stony arc, I scrambled back and made it to the top—a little bloody but successful and pleased with myself. On the rock-climbing trip we drank water full of bugs and halazone tablets and brushed aside fawn bones with scientific interest, or at least composure, while we waited our turns at the rock faces.

At this stage of our training, even if we were not looking forward to the long expedition with pleasure, it would have been a letdown never to test our peculiar new skills, and I found one day, when I fell 15 feet on the rope course, that my only concern was that the pain in my foot might mean I could not go on the long trip. Though I was just an over-age observer, Outward Bound had got to me, too.

The Outward Bound schools, of which there are now 19 in the world, most of them for boys, may roughly be said to aim at strengthening the character by demanding a great deal of the body. As everyone knows, extraordinary circumstances, such as wars, elicit extraordinary performances from people who never guessed they were capable of them; William James even considered that humanity needed "a moral equivalent of war" to tap these ultimate resources. The father of the Outward Bound schools, Kurt Hahn, who was Prince Philip's headmaster at Gordonstoun School in Scotland, felt that one did not need to go so far as to develop an equivalent of war. He believed that young people would respond to challenge and that the ultimate motivation could lie in service—that man will perform beyond his supposed capacities, for example, to save a life.

In 1931 Hahn had already begun to deplore "spectatoritis"—the passive, nonparticipating tendencies in young people, which were resulting in a decline in youthful initiative. The first Outward Bound school, in Aberdovey, Scotland, was a sea school, devoted to sea training and rescue, and the first American school, in the Colorado Rockies, has had occasion to put the rough mountain training of its boys to use in rescue work. However, as the number of

continued



Why do Taylor wines lend magic to cookouts fun-loving guests rave about?

The flavor has a wizardry all its own, sip after sip.

By itself. On the rocks. Or in a tall "cooler".

And comes through temptingly in your own special brand of
over-the-flame saucery.

Haven't you been looking for magic like this?

Taylor found it long ago.

In flavor you get only when you create a red, white or pink wine
slowly, naturally.

Only when we're sure ours have reached their peak of natural
flavor and care can do no more, do we bottle them.

To wake up your appetite.

And bewitch your guests.

If it's a Taylor wine, you'll love it.



The Taylor Wine Company, Inc., creators of fine wines, champagnes and vermouths. Vineyards and Winery, Hammondsport, N. Y.

Outward Bound schools has increased it has become harder to find locations where there are opportunities for actual hazardous physical rescue, so most of the schools now subject their students to a demanding physical course that drags them beyond what they believe their physical limitations to be. It is amazing to find that you have run six miles when you had thought you couldn't walk two. And, as Kurt Hahn believes, amazement at one's own achievement does a great deal for the self-respect, and true self-respect does a great deal for the character. Hahn's principle inheres in all the programs of the Outward Bound schools.

Beyond the physical effort and self-discipline, Outward Bound is committed to the idea that young people need real adventure. British Historian George Trevelyan said in 1943 in a speech at the first school in Aberdovey, "Without the instinct of adventure in young men, any civilization, however enlightened, any State, however well-ordered, must wilt and wither."

It is a fact that in the course of honest adventuring acci-

dents happen—sometimes serious ones—an agonizing fact which the wardens of Outward Bound schools must occasionally face. The most serious accident occurred in Australia in 1963, when five students and two instructors were lost in a lake storm. But because of potential danger Outward Bound schools emphasize the development of mature good sense. They equip their students with true sea, mountain and wilderness lore, rather than promoting a timidity that teaches a child nothing. While we were in Minnesota there was no more serious trouble than the case of one boy rushed in from an expedition with appendicitis and of another lost in the wilderness for three days when he bolted from what he took to be a bear (it should be noted that he managed very well while lost).

However, accidents are going to occur anywhere, and fatal accidents at Outward Bound schools vanish statistically when compared with teen-age automobile deaths. Young people are, by nature, extremists. They come equipped with a desire to push for the outer limits, which may be wily, in a society that does not allow for this fact, children take to robbing their suburban neighbors, using dope or killing themselves and each other playing chicken. The parents of two boys who were lost at Aberdovey donated scholarships to the school in the boys' memory, an assurance that they believed in the aims of Outward Bound. Relatively few parents of boys killed on the turnpikes are buying cars so that needy youths can have the same opportunity.

It is the intention of the Outward Bound schools to have a group of students of thoroughly mixed backgrounds, but this first girls' program at Minnesota was rather weighted with well-to-do young things. During their first days there they were moving about en masse, talking loudly—only to each other and in tortured accents—about topics of such intrinsic interest as the contents of their fathers' liquor cabinets and how much things cost, of passing out at parties and the fun of wrecking motel rooms.

"You guys, she's going to have her debutante party at my aunt's and it's going to be formal and they're going to have it on the tennis court and everybody has to wear tennis shoes. Because it's on the tennis court."

"How cool."

"How tough."

"How staid."

"My father has a baby-blue tux coat."

"How cool."

"My dad has a Black Watch tuxedo."

"Oh, sigh"

One of the girls in the course, who had walked many miles to and from school, had helped support herself since she was 13 and now worked 12 hours a day for \$60 an hour, mentioned that she planned to go to nursing school and wanted to study painting. "What are you going into? Do you know?" she asked one of the Young Things.

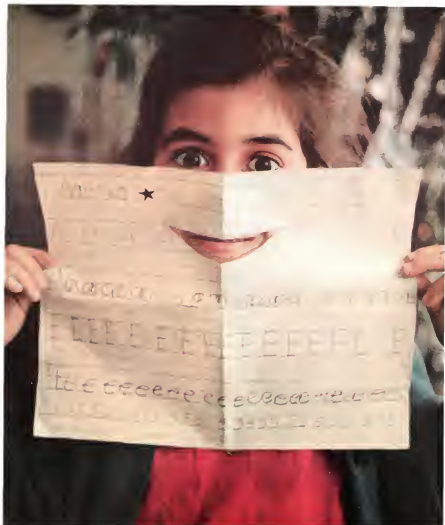
"Bumming," she was told.

Now all this, during my first week at Outward Bound,

continued



Fifteen feet up on the rope course, Tina Service displays fine canyoneering technique in the use of her left foot.



Argus wouldn't miss this for anything.

Slide-projecting bunglers, take heart. This projector can't miss. Does it all automatically while you sit back and relax. Forward, focus, reverse, all via remote control. Brilliant illumination; slides look dazzling. "Long-playing" tray holds 80 slides. And the whole kit-and-caboodle is self-contained...no case needed. What else? You get an unconditional guarantee for one full year against anything. Kids. Dogs. Accidents. Soakings. Anything. The #543 Automatic Color Slide Projector. Less than \$90.

argus



ARGUS INCORPORATED, CHICAGO, ILL. 60641



The \$75 Tire

If it only saves your life once, it's a bargain.

It would cost you \$300 to buy 4 of our Royal Master size 8.25-14 tires.

And that's with your old tires, no less.

You'd have to be insane to spend that kind of money.

Be insane. It could pay off some day.

The day you hit a pothole at 70 miles an hour.

The day you sweep around a tricky, rain-slicked curve.

The day it's 90 degrees in the shade and you have to go 600 miles in a hurry.

The day you pick up a nail and it's three in the morning.

Still and all, \$75 is a lot of money for a tire.

And we'd be pricing ourselves right off the market if it wasn't worth it.

But for that \$75, you're getting more hand labor than

you would ever think anybody puts into a tire.

Hand labor performed by men who've been building tires for an average of 19 years.

You're getting a brute of a carcass that's so strong, you can practically forget about blowouts.

You're getting a special red liner that grips any sharp object you pick up and helps block off the air leakage.

And you're getting two special traction bars that we mold into the tread to wipe slippery, slithering roads dry.

Of course, after 30-40-50,000 miles you may look at your old \$75 tires and wonder if you really needed them.

The only way you can know for sure is to need them. And not have them.



Sizes other than 8.25-14 priced accordingly.

THE NEW U.S. ROYAL MASTER

left me feeling pensive. It was bad enough that at my age, and a New Yorker to boot, I should be up and running on a dirt road at 6:30 in the morning and fooling around on ropes 15 feet off the ground. But hardships aside, I was beginning to wonder if I were up to spending a month, 16 days of it in the woods, with 16-year-old girls. You want to be another 16-year-old girl or a 17-year-old boy, or possibly Humbert Humbert, to put in all that time with 16-year-old girls. On the other hand, they could hardly want me around very much either, and it was their show. So I laced up my regulation high-top basketball shoes, the ones with the air holes along the sole, and prepared to do my best.

The evening before we left on the long expedition I spent reading a book on wilderness survival. I decided that I personally was going to survive on platanus. There were some interesting passages on cannibalism, but, except for the three survival days, I had perfect confidence that we would have, if nothing else, plenty of peanut butter. I went to sleep thinking how long it would be before I slept in a bed again.

We left from a canoe base just this side of the Canadian border, our canoes sitting suddenly low in the water, what with poles and tents and us, all hung about with compasses, cameras, flashlights, knives and waterproof maps. We were divided into two brigades, two instructors to a brigade, and we headed separately into Canada. My brigade, with instructors Lynn Cox and Australian Gini Balmain, did not see the other group until the end of the trip, but we did get occasional reports from two Outward Bound boys who followed at a distance, to transport our wounded, if necessary; they told us, for example, that they had had to take out a girl from the other brigade when she fell on a portage trail and broke some bones in her hand. Everybody on our team managed not to cut off a foot with an ax or contract diphtheria, and our "sweepers," as the boys were called, followed us just out of sight, perishing of boredom.

The first day was a misery. After only a few hours of steady paddling I began to think that I would not be able to keep it up. But, of course, there was no alternative to keeping it up, and mercifully I learned that one gets not just a second wind, but a third, a fourth, a fifth. By late in the afternoon we had fallen into a kind of rhythm of exhaustion and revival, but not simultaneous exhaustion and revival, with the curious result that the girls in one canoe would be sulking and fainting at the paddles, while the girls in another broke into sudden giddy song. Toward the end of the day it was exhaustion all the way, and by the time we paddled into a swamp to look along an unrevealing shoreline for the last portage trail, we couldn't believe what we were doing and were faintly mutinous.

We had all known that the point of the trip was to drive us, but after we had paddled and portaged 20-some miles to find ourselves sitting exhausted in a swamp it seemed mad, outrageous. We couldn't be expected to go any further.

The swampy cove was a mass of water lilies; I put my hand over the side and felt a leaf and found that it had a

dreadful, insinuating sliminess about it. The lily stems twisted themselves around our paddles, and little pads disappeared, sucked down into the small whirlpools of our strokes, to reappear later in our wake.

I was watching a leech ooze, contracting and expanding, across a large lily pad when our instructors hailed us from the shore. They had crossed a considerable patch of swamp to get there, and it seemed we were to carry canoes, packs and paddles through swamp and high grass to get to where Lynn and Gini were, in order to carry all the stuff on into the woods for an unknown distance.

I think it was the disbelief that sustained us. Betty started off with a canoe, missed her footing and subsided, with loud cries, into the mud. Carrying pack, paddles and an armful of life preservers, I went in only up to my shins, but it seemed enough, and my temper was very bad. My character, I felt, was not developing, it was shrinking to the size of a pea, a small dry pea.

And it turned out to be a long portage, about a mile and a half of mad and treacherous footing. We didn't know how long it was—for all we knew, it was endless—and at one point I felt almost panicky with weakness. As Polly Hill was to say much later, "You just try to keep from screaming or crying or anything," and so you do—a matter of what the boys call "gutting it out." It turned out that

continued



Pitching a tent in the woods becomes a pleasure after a few nights spent on the forest floor without one.



"How does it feel to be clobbered 310 yards down the fairway by 'Chi Chi' Rodriguez? Zing! It's enough to unsettle an ordinary ball, but us Spaldings love it. We're made to put the most distance between you and your shot. Even after 18 holes of knocking around, you can't keep a Spalding Dot down!"



Spalding gives you the professional edge

TROJAN
INBOARD CRUISERS

24' SEA SKIFF
INBOARD CRUISER

For 1986 we are more wonderful than ever. Send for free color literature which pictures and describes every model.

TROJAN BOAT CO.
DEPT. 6 LANCASTER, PA. 17604

ANNOUNCE NEW WAY TO SHRINK PAINFUL HEMORRHOIDS

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain. Thousands have been relieved—without resort to surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters.

New for golfers: Dab a new liquid coating onto a golf ball and it's said to make the ball travel up to 20 percent farther. It does this, claims maker, by reducing skin friction, also minimizes scuffs, marks, cuts. Trial size (180 ball treatments) \$3.

Merix, Dept. S, 2234 E. 79th St., Chicago, Ill. 60649

COLLEGE STUDENTS: EARN MONEY SELLING TIME, LIFE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED ON CAMPUS. Write for details: Time Inc. College Bureau, TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

ATHLETE'S FOOT ITCH?

Relieve It With Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX

Kills
Athlete's Foot
Fungi On Contact.



At first sign of itching, cracking, peeling between toes, just apply Dr. Scholl's Solvex for fast relief. Amazing medication works three ways: 1. Quickly relieves the itching. 2. Kills athlete's foot fungi on contact. 3. Helps promote healing.

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX
SPRAY • POWDER • OINTMENT • LIQUID

BABES IN THE WOODS continued

there was an end to the trail, and all the first girls who got to it turned back for extra socks.

We made camp in Back Bay on the first night, and we were tired and clumsy. We did get the tents up and we did gather firewood and we did get water into the dehydrated food, but there was a dazed, random quality to the performance. The sun was setting and Lynn and Gini herded the girls into the water to bathe before full dark.

Later Gini said that in Australia it sometimes took four days to get the girls to swim under an expedition, but on our first night everyone was far too hot, too sticky, too tired to waste any energy in shrinking at swimming naked. We stripped and splattered gratefully into Back Bay, clutching our soap. Girls have very little opportunity to swim without bathing suits. We liked it. Not only does it feel nicer not to have straps and the wet weight of a suit, but bathing naked off the shore of a lake implies such a marvelous momentary possession

—no one else, presumably, is around, for as far as the eye can see. There is one thing about it, though, you want Ivory soap. I lost my soap the first night, and the lakes of the Quetico-Superior wilderness must be rich in toothbrushes.

After our swim we ate in the dark, moodily spitting out the mosquitoes in the soup, and groped through the black for our tents. Nature having made arrangements with Outward Bound to further develop our characters, a violent storm blew up, complete with thunder, lightning and a high wind. I was sleeping soundly (this time in a sleeping bag) on some rocks, pressed along the left side of the tent, when it began, and my body broke the seal. Damp. I crawled to the front and lay down along Lynn's and Gini's feet until, after about an hour, I put out a hand to find that I had been lying in 2½ inches of water. I got out of the sleeping bag and moved up and tried to sleep between Lynn and Gini, which is to say, straddling the tent pole with my head on another rock, watching the red tent turn a fragile pink as the lightning flamed outside and thinking about my shoes outside under a bush. It was a bad night. Gini would

have called it "a good learning situation" if she hadn't been, thank God, asleep.

On the second day it rained heavily and steadily. We swam in the rain and dressed and stood around the fire watching it rain into our Grape-Nuts. There was nothing to do but ignore it, no point in thinking about being wet through. To be dressed and wet is more like being in a foreign element than swimming is.

Paddling out that day, I noticed that drops of rain were hitting the lake and floating, intact, just beneath the surface, looking up like fish eyes. Why, I don't know. That was almost all I got to notice on the first few days out. The grung was hard for us. The packs we carried were too big. The weight was too much. The size was wrong, the balance terrible. The packs would not ride anywhere near our shoulders but pulled, dead weight, in the middle of our backs. One of them, which we called without affection The Monster, we figured to weigh over 100 pounds, and this is a great deal when you weigh 110 yourself.

The boys had commented on how the girls carried packs, going slowly, watching their footing. I think they didn't see that if we lost our footing, we were down and could not get up again. The mud, underbrush, hills, rocks and fallen trees made it difficult to keep our balance, and with The Monster I couldn't keep mine. The weight of it pulled me over and down almost with the lifting of one foot. I fell one day and had to crawl on my hands and knees to a tree and pull myself up, gasping. Everyone had gone ahead. Somebody would be back, but for the moment I was alone with some bugs in the dry underbrush in a hot sun, gasping for breath. I had seen Polly leaning against a rock, almost in tears—"This isn't even Outward Bound, this is just *too far*," she had said. At this moment I could only agree, and the three days of solitude in the wilderness—each of us alone with the bears—were still ahead of us.

NEXT WEEK

True's Outward Bound to the limits of their courage and endurance, the girls scatter into the forest to face alone the terrors of solitude, maybe bears—and a diet of ants.

MAN SIZE

One wide,
dry stroke
daily
stops
perspiration
odor
24 hours!



You perspire like a man, don't you? Then protect yourself like a man with Mennen Speed Stick. That's the man-size deodorant. A fistful of it. One stroke daily stops odor up to 24 hours. And it goes on clean. Never drippy, tacky, crumbly. When it comes to men's deodorants, nothing measures up to broad, brawny Speed Stick. New economy size also available. **All it takes is one clean stroke daily!**



ANNOUNCES A UNIQUE WORLD GLOBE

A FREE-FLOATING, ILLUMINATED GLOBE-WITHIN-A-GLOBE

TIME-LIFE Books, whose publications have already pioneered so many new techniques of picture journalism, now brings you one of the most unusually instructive world globes ever offered—an illuminated globe-within-a-globe.

One instant, with the light off, you clearly see man's political world—his cities, states and nations, territories and islands. Then flip on the light switch—the physical features of the world's continents

—entire electrical system listed by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

INVALUABLE EDUCATIONAL TOOL

Here is a globe for every level of interest and understanding. The student's geography textbook will come to life as he sees in new dimensions the significance of water routes like the Suez Canal and the Panama Canal. Younger children, intrigued by the

AN EXCITING INNOVATION IN TIME-LIFE

and oceans suddenly appear in a vivid illusion of raised relief. You see the earth's rugged mountains and wide valleys, the ocean floor's vast ridges and abyssal plains—all the natural contours that have dramatically shaped man's existence.

Remarkably enough this unique lighting effect is just one feature of the new TIME-LIFE Globe. Other extraordinary advantages include:

- Diameter: 12 inches—over 1 yard in circumference.
- Printed in six brilliant colors with a high gloss finish—wipes clean with a damp cloth.
- Durable made of rigid, highly break-resistant polystyrene plastic—virtually indestructible.
- Smartly styled transparent base provides six-point support—permits removal of globe—and it remains illuminated; gives effect of a planet floating in space.
- Specially designed Great Circle Rule lets you plot airline routes, measure mileage between cities, see how the time zones vary, figure degrees of latitude and longitude—adheres to the globe by itself, yet easily removable—distinctly legible.
- Socket easily accessible, 60-inch cord with switch

Globe's illuminated surface, will begin to grasp elementary facts about the earth. And the informed grown-up will discover how he can use the Globe in clarifying the geophysical background of current events: tracking the newest satellite launched from Cape Kennedy, pinpointing the origin of a devastating earthquake, tracing the 10,000-mile long Mid-Atlantic Ridge—an immense undersea chain of volcanic mountains—only one element of the many strange suboceanic regions that are graphically portrayed on this Globe.

FREE TEN DAY EXAMINATION IN YOUR HOME

The stunning effects of this globe-within-a-globe (available exclusively from TIME-LIFE Books) can be fully appreciated only when you can examine it leisurely in your own home. We invite you to do so by mailing the bound-in order form. You will receive the Globe for 10 days free inspection. Then if you should so decide, simply return the Globe—there's no further obligation. But, if you are convinced that the new TIME-LIFE Globe will bring your family a greater understanding of the world's political and geographical events, pay just \$19.95 (plus shipping). And, if you wish, you can pay this amount in four installments. Send the reservation form today.

TIME-LIFE WORLD GLOBE



**MAIL THIS
RESERVATION FORM
FOR A
10 DAY FREE
EXAMINATION**

Please send me for ten days' free examination the TIME-LIFE World Globe (available exclusively from TIME-LIFE BOOKS). If, after examining the Globe and sharing it with my family, I decide to keep it, I will pay \$19.95 (plus shipping). If I do not wish to purchase it, I will return it in its reusable carton and am under no further obligation.

☐ *Check here if you wish
to pay in four installments.*

Name

Address

City

State

Zip Code

1729

Residents of Canada: Please mail this form in an envelope to TIME-LIFE BOOKS, TIME & LIFE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611.

Bulk rates for schools available upon request.

TIME-LIFE WORLD GLOBE



MAIL THIS
RESERVATION FORM
FOR A
**10 DAY FREE
EXAMINATION**

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

No Postage Stamp Necessary if Mailed in United States

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

TIME-LIFE BOOKS

Time & Life Building

Chicago, Illinois 60611

FIRST CLASS

Permit No. 22

Chicago, Ill.





LIGHT OFF ...

It's an uncluttered **POLITICAL** Globe clearly showing man's national and state boundaries, his capitals and major cities, territories and island groups, space centers—all the significant names and places where news is constantly made.

DESIGN AND CARTOGRAPHY WORLD GLOBE



LIGHT ON ...

flip the switch and it becomes a **GEOPHYSICAL** Globe vividly showing the continents' mountains and valleys, canyons and volcanoes, strange suboceanic regions crosscrossed by mountains and trenches more heroic in scale than any on dry land—all portrayed in apparent three dimension.



EXTRA: ILLUSTRATED 32-PAGE OWNER'S HANDBOOK

Many colorful diagrams, facts and invaluable instructions for the most effective, informative use of the Globe. Complete with index of all nations, cities (with populations), lakes, rivers and mountains shown on the **TIME-LIFE** Globe.

Fireman's Fund covers everything in your business

—even tie-ups. Using one company makes your insurance simpler and sounder. You get all the advantages of package plans—and more. One agent means individual service. Lowest rates. Easy payments. Less record-keeping. And Fireman's Fund pays claims fast (has for 103 years). Simplify your business and personal insurance. Turn to the Yellow Pages and your Fireman's Fund agent, or broker.

 FIREMAN'S
FUND
AMERICAN
INSURANCE COMPANIES
MEMBER OF THE FIREMAN'S FUND GROUP



BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

"It's about time I got some breaks," said Sammy Ellis of CINCINNATI (2-3) after he beat the Dodgers 3-1 with the aid of the wind and his right shoe. A strong breeze turned what normally would have been a Dodger homer into an out, and Ellis' shoe deflected a line drive right to Second Baseman Pete Rose for an easy out. That kind of good fortune gave Ellis, who had lost 11 of his first 13 games, his third straight win. And Tommy Harper's .377 hitting during a 17-game home stand helped the Reds win 12 times. Rookie Woody Fryman of PITTSBURGH (5-1) came within one bad hop of pitching a perfect game: Ron Hunt of the Mets led off the first inning with a single over the mound. Hunt was caught stealing, and Fryman retired the next 26 batters in order. Al McBean pitched 6½ innings in relief but the win went to Billy O'Dell, who threw just one pitch and then sat back and watched as the Pirate hitters won the game for him in the last of the ninth. The four top hitters in the league were all Pirates—Matty Alou (.332), Willie Stargell (.329), Manny Mota (.327) and Roberto Clemente (.324). When Bob Bolin of SAN FRANCISCO (4-2) got Orlando Cepeda of ST LOUIS (2-3) to hit a foul pop-up to Third Baseman Jim Hart he moved to within seven outs of a no-hitter. The umpire, however, ruled that Hart had stepped into the Giant dugout to make the catch. Given another chance, Cepeda broke up the no-hitter with a single. During the Giant-Cardinal series, Cepeda invited old friend Juan Marchal to his home for dinner. Cepeda's wife prepared some *pasevillos* (meat pies), *flor de cañard* (type dish), Spanish pet roast, rice and beans and other such delights. The following night Cepeda came up with what he considered to be a fitting dessert—a game-winning

homer off the well-fed Juan. Not content with beating Marchal, the Cards completed an impressive parlay by knocking off Sandy Koufax 2-0 behind Al Jackson. LOS ANGELES (2-3) had a bad week, but there were 38,410 fans on hand in St. Louis to see Koufax pitch, which raised the average attendance at games in which Sandy has appeared to more than 34,000. ATLANTA (2-4) blew two victories when the Cubs scored seven times in the ninth and when the Giants, with the help of two errors, pushed across five runs in the eighth. HOUSTON (3-4) ended a four-game losing streak when Bob Lillis doubled in the winning run in the 13th against the Reds. Leo Durocher of CHICAGO (2-3) publicly berated his players and also came up with his longest kick of the season, a 60-foot boot of a water bucket. NEW YORK (1-4) batters had trouble hitting the ball that far. In four games the Mets hit .130, scored just two runs. Jim Bunning and Chris Short of PHILADELPHIA (5-0) each had a 1-0 win over the Mets. Club officials have long been after Short, who now weighs 212 pounds, to keep his weight down. "You get paid for how much you win," said Short after his ninth victory, "not how much you weigh."

Standings SF 49-79; Pjt 44-30; LA 42-32; Phil 42-34; NY 42-34; Cin 36-39; StL 32-38; Atl 34-45; Hst 30-42; Cle 27-51

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Tiger batters got 20 hits in a 15-3 win against CALIFORNIA (1-4). Finally, Manager Bill Rigney could stand it no longer. He asked an umpire, "Are you sure they're using the same ball we are?" Of league-leading BALTIMORE (7-1), Rigney said, "If that lady ever stops smiling at them, look out. Everything they hit falls in." The Orioles, in taking three of four games from the Angels, had 50 base hits "fall in" for them. Mun-

ger Hank Bauer decided to go with a five-man rotation, though he was skeptical about bringing up Billy Short from Rochester to be the fifth starter. That is, he was skeptical until Short won his first start 2-0. Mickey Mantle (*below*) went on a sensational hitting streak, but shoddy fielding and pitching dropped NEW YORK (2-3) dangerously close to eighth place. KANSAS CITY (2-4) wasted its best home-run spurt of the year—five in four games—and it took good relief work by Jim Duckworth and Jack Aker to salvage one win in that span. After his club had won four in a row, Sam Mele of MINNESOTA (2-6) said that his appetite was returning. Then along came Fred Whitfield of CLEVELAND (4-2) and away went both the Minnesota win streak and Mele's gusto. Whitfield helped beat the Twins twice and raised his season's batting average against them to .477. Sam McDowell pitched a two-hit shutout for his first complete-game win in two months, and he struck out 13. Mike McCormick of WASHINGTON (2-2) wore his glasses while pitching, took them off when batting. The tactic seemed to work, for McCormick hit a homer with the glasses off and with them on became the first Senator this season to pitch two complete-game wins in one week. Four home runs by Al Kaline belatedly started (4-2), but CHICAGO (3-1) had to resort to devious means to make up for its lack of punch, beating Houston (2-3) on a passed ball in the 13th inning. Trying to make the best of their team's latest slump—Boston was 10-21 during June—local fans decided to look upon the Red Sox as the newest form of camp. One roster referred to the Boston brand of baseball as "glop art."

Standings: Phil 34-73; Det 46-28; Cle 45-39; Cal 37-57; Cin 38-38; Min 35-47; NY 37-46; KC 32-48; Wash 32-45; Bos 27-45

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Mickey Mantle came to spring training this year wearing a serpentine scar across his right shoulder, the symbol of yet another operation in a career that already stands as a monument to both modern surgical skill and his own courage. He was a potheoric figure to watch during workouts: he grimaced in pain when he swung the bat, and he threw the ball like a pulsed shotputter. The more Mantle endured, the more he talked about the family life he longed to enjoy. "My wife says she likes having me around the house," he said. Then, with a grin, he added, "At least that's what she says." When the season started Mantle was in the lineup, but his hits were infrequent, his power

conspicuously absent. Going into last week he had had only seven home runs, and he was batting .253. Then he made a slight adjustment, the kind that hurts a slugger's pride: he choked up on the bat, an admission that pitchers were simply throwing the ball past him. The adjustment paid off. Three times in five days Mantle hit two homers in one game, and after doing it for the second time in a row against the Red Sox he received a standing ovation in Fenway Park. He hit seven home runs during the week, batted .435, drove in 11 runs. How long Mantle could continue his spree was questionable, for even in the midst of it he suffered yet another injury, a pulled muscle. It all seemed fitting, somehow, that Mickey Mantle went on his splurge the week that Medicare went into effect.



YANKEES' MURDER MANTLE

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

OPEN ADMIRATION

Sirs:

Alfred Wright's Open article (*A Summer of Drama*, June 27) sounded like one written by a press agent committed to the Hollywood star system. It was Palmer "Whom? zap! zowie! . . . that cataplexis with legs . . . an orange sweater bursting through the fog . . . playing like an Olympian," while it was Casper "patient . . . flawless, but conservative." Let's face it, Bill Casper whipped the pants off Palmer, and he did it using the same come-from-behind method that made Arnold so famous.

EDWARD J. HAULIGAN

Ridgely Park, N.J.

Sirs:

Not to take anything away from Billy Casper's fine golf, I can't understand the sudden big deal about Palmer. He's still the greatest in my book, and Casper himself put his finger on the reason for it with his own definition of "charging" a golf course: "To me," said Casper, "charging the course is hitting onto the green so that you have a reasonable putt at a birdie . . . so Anse, charging is tearing out the flagstick with every approach." Well, isn't that the difference?

J. D. DONATELLI

Portland, Ore.

Sirs:

Of all the accounts I read of the recent National Open, only yours came within a two-iron of touching the critical factor in Palmer's collapse—the psychological change in Palmer's attitude from his seven-shot recovery in 1960 to his seven-shot collapse in 1966. Alfred Wright is to be commended.

ART BRUNETTE

Bridgport, Conn.

Sirs:

Allow me to congratulate you on your awareness that "Arnold Palmer can still set a tournament on fire." Although I do not consider myself one of Anse's Army, I feel that Palmer should not be counted out of any tournament that he enters.

RICHARD KOHN

Westbury, N.Y.

Sirs:

For as long as I can remember, I have felt that the Masters was the tournament to win. However, after your excellent coverage of the 1966 U.S. Open I am beginning to have a change of heart. SI has once again captured all the flavor of the U.S. Open from all points of view.

BRUCE C. MONTGOMERY

Beach City, Ohio

BLT% GREEK

Sirs:

Letter writer Richard E. Porch says, "If I bet against The Greek, I was much better off" (*19th Hole*, June 27). He's off all right —a cry off. As sports editor of the *Las Vegas Sun*, I can vouch for Jimmie The Greek any time. Snyder has been unusually psychic during the past nine months, averaging 81.2" right, including an 84" average on his pro football picks last season. Another example: in his last three "big race" predictions he picked Amberoid to win the Belmont, Buckpinner in the Arlington Classic and Drin in the Hollywood Park Cinema Handicap.

ROYCE FROCK

Las Vegas

SECOND STAR

Sirs:

In his recent article, *Ready for the Goal* (June 20), Jack Olsen compares Jim Ryun's suffering during years of training in Kansas' severe weather with the California kid who "if there's a little fog outside says, 'Ah, it'll be real race tomorrow and I'll work out then.'" While Mr. Olsen was writing his article, Tan Danielson (*FACTS IN THE CROWN*, July 4), an 18-year-old miler from the San Diego area, was getting ready to become the second high school star (after Ryun) ever to break four minutes, with a 3:59.4 mile at the recent San Diego Invitational. I'm not sure that he was able to accomplish this by training only on "nondoggy" days, as Mr. Olsen suggests.

C. C. DABRY

San Diego

A MANN'S TEARS

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate Jack Mann for his fair appraisal of Wes Westrum and the New York Mets (*A Team That Can Make a Man Cry*, June 27). Westrum is doing a fine job with the Mets this season. As Mann said, to follow the managerial reign of Casey Stengel is an unglorified task, but Wes has put the right amount of spirit and grace into his position. Perhaps 1969 will be the year for the Mets.

ED FISHER

Gloversville, N.Y.

Sirs:

Maybe next time you decide to write an article about a tear-jerking baseball team, you will try the hapless Chicago Cubs. Not even the second-best manager in baseball (behind Wes Westrum, of course) will be able to save the Cubs from a 10th-place finish this year. In the meantime, as the Mets move upward through the standings, they

will truly show themselves to be "a team that can make a Mann (Jack) cry."

MARK GUNTHER

NOEL GUNTHER

Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Sirs:

The Mets have grown up. It's about time the writers that cover them did too. The time for mocking is over. This is a team of professionals. You don't mock the Yankees, and they are even worse shape on the field than the Mets.

MICHAEL MUTNAN

Carteret, N.J.

BRTL

Sirs:

Regarding your LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER (June 27), I believe I can explain the scarcity of major league players who bat right-handed but throw left. My son is a left-handed boy who, like so many beginners, copied others he saw and batted right when he started playing. Last year—his first on a Little League farm team—he reached base only by walking and established a record of being hit five or six times by a pitched ball in an equal number of games. This year his coach had him change to batting left. He has since hit safely in every game and has yet to be hit by a pitched ball.

Right-hand hitting is unnatural for a left-handed individual, and it puts his dominant side (and probably his dominant eye) away from the pitching line, thus making it difficult for him to follow the ball. It is my suspicion that BRTL players are always handicapped this way, thus they never do reach their full potential. BLTR players, on the other hand, are probably equally handicapped, but since there are many more right-handed individuals a greater number of them are good enough athletes to overcome this handicap and make their way into the major leagues.

I would urge those who are working with young athletes who are at present BRTL players to convert them to BLTR—and let them enjoy being hitters.

F. TAYLOR MAUCK, M.D.

Farmington, Conn.

SEASONED FANS

Sirs:

Why in the world does Jerry Hoffberger want a shorter baseball season (*SCORECARD*, June 20)? So his Orioles won't have as long to fight for the pennant? More expansion? O.K. Divisional playoffs? I'd love it. Inter-league play? Great, just great. But a shorter season? No, no, no!

BOBBY CLEMENS

Livonia, Mich.

continued

You may never have athlete's foot again.

Fact! Athlete's foot fungus absolutely cannot grow in Quinsana Foot Powder. Not even near it.

Fact! Quinsana fights reinfection as it instantly acts to absorb fungus-breeding perspiration.

Fact! Quinsana's soothing medication gives painless, on-the-spot relief from itching, burning.

Fact! Quinsana helps keep feet cool, dry, comfortable all day long.

Conclusion:

Athlete's foot is everywhere. Use Mennen Quinsana Foot Powder once a day, every day, and you may never have athlete's foot again.



That's a fact.
Mennen Quinsana—the finest name in foot care products.

10TH HOLE

Sirs,

I wish everybody would quit trying to change baseball. Come spring, there is only one thing that I look forward to more than baseball, and that is the closing of school.

As for saving money by not having to open the ball park as frequently, how can the Orioles' owner complain about 25,000 fans on week nights and 30,000 and 40,000 on weekends?

CARL VENNEMAN

SE LOUIS

LOVE FOR SALE

Sirs

Regarding Frank Deford's article about the recent professional tennis tournament at Forest Hills (*Out of the Darkness*, June 20), I don't begrudge the pros anything that will benefit their states, but I can't believe that the Van Allen Simplified Scoring System or a new service line is the answer. I don't think the game or the scoring system is what is wrong with pro tennis. What is needed is a change in the public attitude toward it, and this can only be gained through better promotion, better public relations and more action on colorful players. Moving the service line back and adopting a new scoring system does nothing to help in these departments. All it does is change a game that has developed over the years into what can be a masterpiece of suspense and drama.

VASSS is aimed at speeding up the play, and the new service line is meant to discourage the big-service game, but the big-game players are the ones that draw the crowds. Take Pancho Gonzalez, whom Deford called the "ghost of tennis past." Pancho may not be the player he once was, but his colorful play and his big game can still draw more spectators than anybody. Why stack the cards against him? Moving the service line back only penalizes the older and now slower players like Gonzalez and Segura, and VASSS can work to favor the big server as well as to hamper him. Take a case where the serve changes—as it did in one match at Forest Hills—at 26-20. Five aces on the part of the man behind could have won the set, an impossibility with the regular love-and-deuce scoring.

Rod Laver is the player with the biggest game today. He was always on top of the net and he won the tournament. Where would pro football be without the bomb, baseball without home runs or golf without the big drivers? These features are a part of their appeal. Let the people who want to return to the era of "Tennis, anyone?" lengthen the court, count on their fingers and whatnot, but don't call it tennis.

P. W. THURSTONE

Queens Village, N.Y.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Food & Life Building, Regalsteel Center,
New York, New York 10020

TIME Inc., also publishes TIME, LIFE, TV GUIDE and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the International editions of TIME and LIFE. Chairman of the Board, Andrew W. Bucklell, Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Lisher; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Nichols, President, James A. Lister, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Cunningham; Vice President and Secretary, Richard M. Rosen; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson, Vice President and Controller, John F. Harvey; Vice Presidents, Charles A. Adams, Richard M. Junt, Robert Aschell, Edgar R. Baker, Charles B. Bear, Clay Beckwith, R. M. Buckles, Charles I. Gibson Jr., John E. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Sidney J. James, Arthur W. Keiser, Henry Lee III, Ralph D. Pace Jr., Wesley C. Patten Jr., James B. Shorkey, Larry Wolf; Assistant Controller and Assistant Secretary, Curtis C. Menninger, Assistant Treasurer, W. G. Davis, Susan S. Ingels, Richard W. McElroy.

Sports Illustrated

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED label on every prompt service whenever you write about your subscription.

MAIL TO:
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
542 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611,
Charles A. Adams, Vice President

TO SUBSCRIBE
mail this form with your payment,
check one

☐ new subscription, ☐ renew my subscription
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
U.S. and Canada: \$4.95 \$7.00
Outside the U.S. and Canada: \$10.00 \$12.00
All orders: 1 yr. \$10.00

CHANGE OF ADDRESS attach label here

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Please indicate address label here: print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, please print magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP CODE



100% PURE MALT WHISKY IN BOTTLE FROM CROWN OF HARM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. IN A PROFIT, BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

The Australians married polo to lacrosse and produced mayhem

1 "For a hattering, two-day making rough horse on horseback, have a go at polo in New South Wales," writes Peter Latham in

friend of Canadian Club. "Nets are used to swing up the ball and toss it toward the goal. It's a lot of fun, but nothing like lacrosse."



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
BLENDED BY CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
HOBAN WALKER & SONS LIMITED
VAN KETWILL, CANADA

2 "Swinging and slashing, we charged down the field. Suddenly a searing blow from a net caught me on the neck,"



3 "I tumbled from my pony and hit the ground. Hard. The oncoming horses swerved, missing me by inches."



4 "Shaken and chastened, I accepted a teammate's invitation to a nearby club for a drink of his favorite whisky and mine: Canadian Club. Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Hornblow. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner—in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—toughly."



Canadian Club

"The Best in The House"™ in 87 lands



PARLIAMENT HAS THE FILTER THAT'S IN...

RECESSED IN



AND
TOBACCO
TASTES BEST
WHEN THE
FILTER'S
RECESSED